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THE END OF
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My Father, My Self
A REQUIEM
BY DAN HILL

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INSIDE MORDECAI'S LIBRARY

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On the Cover
Surf's up!
Photographed by
Roy McMahon

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ZOOMER

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WORD OF THE ISSUE:

Transitions

DESPITE ITS NOSTALGIC COUNTERCULTURE ethos of freedom and adventure, there is no more apt a metaphor for the ups and downs of life fully lived than the mythical sport of surfing. Looking past the reverie of that endless – and, for many, ideal – summer idyll, one can see that surfing mirrors more. You may catch the wave’s swell at precisely the right time, its surging power allowing you to carve its pristine surface with precision, cresting with its peak and tucking instinctively into its tube as it propels you smoothly to shore.

But sometimes the wave is choppy and hard to ride, not glassy and accepting. Or the undertow makes it impossible to catch the wave you are paddling hard through the seaweed for. Or the wave may close out around you, crashing into your ears as you are thrown off the board and into the froth as it breaks hard against the rocks. That’s life.

In this, the only true surfing season, it’s natural to want to recreate those endless summers. But older and wiser as we are, relaxing dockside these days inspires us to count our blessings as the sun shines down on a breathtaking Canadian lake. This invites reflection on the times when real life happens. In this, the summer issue where we traditionally curate the best hammock-worthy books for your patio, poolside or dock, we have added something more: personal stories that speak to some of these times, life’s touchstones – be it loss, change or both. They may not be the memories that we wish to create, but these moments and events ultimately make us who we are as we ride the wave as best we can.

Contributors



Singer-songwriter **Dan Hill** “travels backwards in time” for “Cadences” (pg. 74), about grief and life since the loss of his father. Writing runs in the

family (Dan is the older brother of author Lawrence Hill). In addition to an award-winning music career, he has published a memoir entitled *I Am My Father’s Son* in 2009 and has written about diverse topics such as parenting and how he came to sing a duet of his hit “Sometimes When We Touch” with boxer Manny Pacquiao.



A long-time writer and public relations consultant, **John MacKay** was the first editor-in-chief of *Fashion* magazine, a

contributing editor to *Toronto Life* and a columnist at the *Toronto Star*. A Los Angeles-trained psychotherapist, today he’s working on a book on “conscious aging.” Still active in public relations, he’s also a working voice actor. In this issue, he writes about making yet another career move in “Clean Slate” (pg. 82).



Jacob Richler is founding editor of *Canada’s 100 Best Restaurants*, an annual review launched this past March. He writes

regularly about food and other pleasure pursuits with his book *My Canada Includes Foie Gras*, published in 2012, and is currently at work on a book about hunting, fishing, foraging – and cooking wild foods. He recounts being reunited with seminal books from the family library in “Ex Libris” (pg. 78).

GOLDEN OLDIES

I am writing to express my appreciation of "80 Is the New 80" in the June issue. In fact, I let out a Wow! – a highly unprofessional response but expressing great appreciation.

I am a gerontologist and have been writing, lecturing and talking to groups for years on population aging and its benefits. However, as a 90-year-old, I have seen many negative responses to the fact that we are living longer and stronger. One example of this negativity is ageism – described simply as the dislike of and discrimination against older people. Such common expressions as "60 is the new 40" and "70 is the new 50" conveys the ageist message that it is better to be 40 rather than 60, 50 rather than 70 and so on.

Not so. Your headline "80 Is the New 80" conveys the positive recognition that becoming older now is very different and upbeat than what it was years ago. Thank you. –Lillian Zimmerman, Vancouver

Zoomerang



"My goal is to die before there's a technology breakthrough that forces me to live to a hundred and thirty."

SEND COMMENTS TO: ZOOMER MAGAZINE, 30 JEFFERSON AVE., TORONTO, ONT. M6K 1Y4 OR BY EMAIL TO COMMENT@ZOOMERMAG.COM. LETTERS MAY BE EDITED FOR PUBLICATION.

"REAL" WOMEN WANTED

I was so happy to see my *Zoomer* magazine in the mailbox. My elation soon diminished when I saw the cover. Jane Fonda? She does not typify a woman growing old gracefully. Her face has become so plasticized that she has a permanent grin frozen in place. I thought it very amusing to see all the makeup, fashion accessories, hair colour, etc. listed by her photo with no credit for her plastic surgeon/botox specialist. I used to admire her and Lily Tomlin but sadly, they have both succumbed to the Hollywood standard of trying to look youthful with artificial assistance. Sad. Let's see more "real" women on your covers. –Sharon Hallberg, Penticton, B.C.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Really enjoyed this issue. Jane Fonda is one of my favourite celebrities, and the story of the octogenarians gave me a great deal of hope because I recognized them all. The crossword puzzle, too, was comfortable.

The doubling of the TFSA has no impact on me at all. I make a \$10 deposit every month and don't even think about the limit since I never even come near it. A single cup of coffee at a coffee shop is the most we ever allow ourselves, and that is only once every month or so. Even then, we think how much less it would cost if we made it at home.

Zoomer is one of only two magazines that we subscribe to, and CARP is the only organization that we pay dues to. Thank you for spicing up my life. –Nancy Albright, Mattawa, Ont.

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THE ZOOMER

Chapter 53

To Eternity or Beyond?

120, 150, 1,000:

How Old Is Old Enough?

By Moses Znaimer

THIS PAST APRIL, a movie called *The Age of Adaline* was released in theatres across North America. The movie tells the story of Adaline Bowman, born in San Francisco in 1908, whose normal life – school, marriage, a child – changes dramatically after a car accident. Her car skids off the road into a creek, and she has essentially drowned when a bolt of lightning hits the car, not only reviving her but conveniently rearranging her DNA so that at that instant, at the age of 29, she ceases to age. Her persistent youthfulness isn't a problem at first, but, as the years pass, her appearance arouses suspicion. Realizing that she's about to be turned into a curiosity, she becomes an identity fugitive instead, changing her name, address and job frequently to conceal her secret. She's convinced that her uniquely extended life has robbed her of her most fervent dream: growing old together with someone she loves.

If you take a look at most of the classic fiction that deals with people who don't age and/or die, you'll find the same dystopian undercurrent. Either the protagonist has to make a pact with the devil to forestall aging (*Faust*, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, *Damn Yankees*) or immortality is thrust on the hero as a kind of poisoned gift (*The Flying Dutchman*, *The Age of Adaline*). The answer these stories provide to the question "How old is old enough?" is obvious. Living beyond a "normal" lifespan is deemed some-

how unnatural and even immoral; and to court immortality is to court doom.

As a long-time fan and student of radical life extension, I couldn't disagree more. For one thing, what's "normal"? A few thousand years ago, it was "God's will" that we should die in our 20s and 30s. A few hundred years ago, 40 became the new normal, and a hundred years ago, 50. In the immediate aftermath of the Second World War, it was 60 and, today, in Canada, it's 80 to 85. And yet, when a 2013 poll done by the Pew Research Center asked 2,000 Americans if

beyond is too fascinating a prospect not to consider.

Meanwhile, what *about* that figure 120? Is that a practical average lifespan for us to be shooting for, say, by the year 2050?

Living to 120 is not a new idea. It is the Jewish benediction for Good Health and Long Life (May you live to 120!). In Genesis 6:3, God decrees that the maximum human lifespan will be "an hundred and twenty years." Discounting Methuselah (969 years old) and Noah (950) as biblical poetic licence, it's not unreasonable to assume that the writers of the Old Testament may have heard of someone who lived close to that age. More convincing are the predictions of scientists involved today in the nascent longevity "industry." Aubrey de Grey, a biomedical gerontologist, chief science officer of the SENS Foundation (Strategies for Engineered Negligible Senescence), editor of *Rejuvenation Research*¹ and twice a speaker at my ideacity conference, says that even without learning more about the causes of the "seven types of [molecular and cellular] damage" that contribute to human aging, science is probably within "a couple of decades of developing repair strategies for these categories of damage." By 2050, he predicts, the concept of life expectancy itself will have become meaningless because "people won't be getting sicker and more prone to die as they get older any more ... Most people alive at that time will be able to look forward to living far longer than anyone has lived so far." According to de Grey, the recent emergence of a growing number of longevity-related companies (including Google's entry into the field, Calico – California Life Company) shows how real are the



they would take anti-aging treatments that would allow them to live to be 120, the majority (56 per cent) said NO. The age most people did say they'd like to live to was 90. They thought that was "old enough." Puzzled by this reaction, I checked out some related data. Turns out that if you stipulate that the major predictable fears people have about getting old don't apply, the answer is very different. What are those major fears? Loss of mind, loss of function, loss of independence; running out of money, being in constant pain, loneliness. That is, if we could be sure that we'd be functional, compos mentis and mobile – not much worse, say, than I am today – then living to 120 or

¹THE WORLD'S ONLY PEER-REVIEWED JOURNAL FOCUSED ON INTERVENTION IN AGING

PHILOSOPHY

prospects of dramatically increased lifespans by the mid-21st century. “The main thing about the private sector,” says de Grey, “is that people who want to make money tend to want to make it soon. Hence, they only get involved when at least some aspects of the work have gone far enough in terms of proof of concept that they can be taken all the way to the clinic within a few years.”

If Aubrey is right, though, and increasing numbers of older people are likely soon to be living to a much greater age, isn't that a doomsday scenario? Won't the earth become overcrowded, and won't we exhaust its resources? This is the charge I hear most often from naysayers when I promote the dream of longer life. Their argument is essentially the same as the one proffered by population theorist Thomas Malthus (1776-1834). In *An Essay on the Principle of Population* (1799), Malthus argued that expanding family size and world population growth was a geometric inevitability, which, when weighed against the arithmetic growth of jobs and money, could only be checked by famine and disease. But what Malthus didn't know (and what we do now) is that as people become smarter, healthier and better off, they have fewer children. There is abundant evidence now that, as more women around the world become educated and liberated, and the poorest most repressed parts of the planet gain access to distractions other than having sex and making babies, the population will level off at around 10 or 11 billion. There are also many indications the planet can feed this many people.²

I know there are those who hold

the view that increased longevity is primarily a moral issue, with a burgeoning older population depriving younger people of the scarce resources and employment that is their birthright. We've shown several times before in this space that no such old/young plunder is taking place, but the strongest proof, again, are population trends. Stable populations require a replacement rate of 2.1 children per child-bearing woman; anything less results in a decline. Today, more than half the world's population live in countries with sub-2.1 replacement



rates, with not all of these countries belonging to the industrialized world (Thailand's fertility rate has fallen from seven in the 1970s to 1.6 today, roughly the same as Canada's). The average fertility rate of the developing world has now dropped below three. In fact, many of the same experts who predict a peak of 10 billion people also anticipate that the population will drop below that before it stabilizes again. In that case, nothing could be more beneficial to future young people than a large older demographic who lives for a very long time.

All right, some skeptics might say, so maybe all of those old people won't sink civilization – but what will they contribute to humanity? I can think

of several things – our experience, our role as living historians, our compassion – but our net utility is not the issue. As long as we can stay vital and interested, the question “How old is old enough?” is ours alone to answer. Aubrey de Grey considers the question “abominably ageist,” and I'm inclined to agree. I think instead of a runaway population spiral, we're on the threshold of a period of natural self-selection. In a decade or two, people for whom continued life is painful, physically or psychologically, will have the right to end their lives in a peaceful way (and today's controversy about assisted suicide will be ancient history). Whereas people who wish to live on will be able and entitled to keep going, not just because they're functioning but because they want to; and the world will find its level, without robbing us of our choice.

At the end of *The Age of Adaline* (spoiler alert!), Adaline, now 107, finally lets herself fall in love and, in a panic, runs away again; but in the process, she ends up having precisely the same kind of car accident she had 78 years earlier. Once again, her heart stops; this time, it's restarted by the defibrillating paddles of an ambulance crew, which also restores her DNA to its former configuration. A year later, now happily married and looking in the mirror, she finds her first grey hair. She has her wish; she's finally getting old. It's meant to be a happy ending, but you'll forgive me if I don't cheer. For me, the chance to live on means the chance to satisfy the most compelling curiosity any human can have: finding out how things turn out. That curiosity is for me endless. So I'll take a pass on *The Age of Adaline* and a chance on *The Age of Moses*. The one thing better than predicting the future is being there when it happens. **12**

²VIRTUALLY EVERY SIGNIFICANT FAMINE IN THE WORLD UP TO NOW HAS BEEN A RESULT NOT OF LACK OF FOOD BUT PROBLEMS IN GETTING THE FOOD TO THE PEOPLE WHO NEED IT, USUALLY BECAUSE OF HUMAN CONFLICT.



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Zoom In

THIS WAY UP

RECENT PEAKS AND VALLEYS IN THE JOURNEY

Cher, 69, tweets U.S. President Obama

"ISIS IS KICKING OUR ASS & IRAQI ARMY FIGHTS LIKE OLD PPL": Strong words coming from

someone whose only military experience involves dancing around a battleship in a sheer body stocking.

Cher was also revealed as the new face of fashion label Marc Jacobs Take that, ISIS.

73-year-old California man saves his Chihuahua from bear attack by punching the bear in the face In an interview that followed, he said,

"The man or beast that I run from ain't been born, and his momma's already dead."

Paul McCartney gave up smoking marijuana to set a good example for his grandkids When asked if he planned on doing the same, Willie Nelson laughed into a haze of smoke and then asked if the reporter had any snacks.

Well, it beats walking circles around the mall 92-year-old San Diego woman becomes oldest female in history to complete a marathon.

Says the man with the brilliant, statuesque wife and the villa on Lake Como George Clooney, 54, on aging: "You just have to try and look the best you can at the age you are and not worry about it."

I'm glad he's not talking to me Actor Robert De Niro, 71, assesses students' futures during NYU arts school commencement speech, declaring: "You're f***ed."

— (AND DOWN) —

Quebec woman, 91, fined for having a noisy rocking chair. The charges are eventually dropped Insert "off-their-rockers" joke here. —Mike Crisolago

"In the depth of winter, I finally learned that within me there lay an invincible summer" —Albert Camus





Literary Libations

Ready to curl up with a good book and a refreshing tippie? Indulge in one of these pairings to while away a summer afternoon



Broken Promise

by Linwood Barclay is the first novel in

his planned trilogy centred on the disturbing secrets of a small New York town, from kidnappings to a serial predator to ritualistic animal sacrifices. *Pairing* Mix yourself a Scotch cocktail, like the appropriately named *Blood and Sand*.



Confidence

Russell Smith's new short story collection, takes an unflinching

look at everything from violent tenants to ecstasy-taking PhD students to mommy bloggers and sex

tapes. *Pairing* Something this of-the-moment requires trendy refreshment, so try a mezcal Negroni for a smoky au courant cocktail.



The Water Knife

by Paolo Bacigalupi is a genre-bending

dystopian thriller set in the Southwestern U.S. where water has become a scarce commodity and the Colorado River sits at the centre of an armed conflict. *Pairing* Obviously, this one will have you reaching for your water. Add some flavour with seasonal drinking vinegar.



The Birthday Lunch

by Joan Clark is set in motion

by the sudden death of Lily on her 58th birthday – a day fraught with the competing attentions of her loving husband and doting sister. *Pairing* For this thoughtful and compassionate read, sip on a sherry, which is enjoying a serious resurgence in popularity.



The Girl on the Train

Paula Hawkins, the runaway bestseller by follows voyeuristic divorcee Rachel Watson, who peers into strangers'

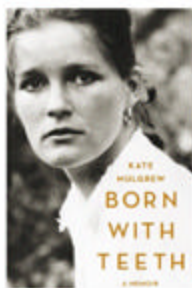
windows on her daily commute. After she witnesses an infidelity, her role in a high-stakes mystery is clouded by her drunken blackouts. *Pairing* Forgo Rachel's canned premixed gin and tonics and pour yourself a more sophisticated version using Dillon's Unfiltered Gin 22.



Circling the Sun

by Paula McLain – who brought Ernest

Hemingway's first wife to life in *The Paris Wife* – centres on 1920s aviator Beryl Markham and the complicated love triangle she shared with hunter Denys Finch Hatton and



GET REAL

Escape into the pages of a memoir or biography

Gods and Kings: The Rise and Fall of Alexander McQueen and John Galliano

by Dana Thomas chronicles how these visionaries changed the face of fashion.

Kate Andersen Brower shares the intimate accounts of the service staff in **The Residence: Inside the Private World of the White House** while **Capital Dames**

by Cokie Roberts explores how the Civil War transformed the lives of women in Washington. Memoirs **Born With Teeth** by actress Kate Mulgrew and **It's A Long Story** by Willie Nelson give an unwavering look at these artists' lives through their own eyes. Meanwhile,

Let's Be Less Stupid is a humorous look at former *SNL* writer and *The New Yorker* staffer Patricia Marx's attempt to maintain her mental faculties as she ages. —AM

Karen Blixen, author of *Out of Africa*. **Pairing** Nothing says high-living ex-pats like Champagne. Drink as is or indulge in a mimosa.



Miss Emily

by Nuala O'Connor is a reimagined look at the life

of reclusive American poet Emily Dickinson and her friendship with her young Irish maid.

Pairing Dickinson penned, "I bring an unaccustomed wine, To lips long parching," so consider a chilled crisp white, such as an Italian Pinot Grigio or an Old-World Chenin Blanc.



Killing Monica

by Candace Bushnell, the author of *Sex*

and *the City*, follows a writer whose novels about a young woman in Manhattan have spawned a series of blockbuster films. Now, the writer wants to try something new to the dismay of her publisher and fans. How meta. **Pairing** Anything other than a *Cosmopolitan* just seems wrong.



Disclaimer

Renée Knight's unsettling psychological thriller,

explores the blurred lines

between fiction and real life. Catherine, a documentary filmmaker, finds a book on her bedside table that is based on her long-buried secrets.

Pairing Contrast the dark plot with some colourful sangria. Bonus: if you make a pitcher, you don't have to put the book down to go get a refill.



In the Unlikely Event

Judy Blume's first adult book in more than 15 years, is a fictionalized account of real events in her hometown in the 1950s, when a series of plane crashes sparked fear and confusion. At its centre is a coming-of-age story of 15-year-old Miri

Ammerman. **Pairing** Embrace the inherent femininity associated with Blume's work and go pink by uncorking a bottle of sparkling rosé.



The Buried Giant

by Kazuo Ishiguro is a

post-Arthurian romance. As a fog of forgetting rolls over England, an elderly couple set forth in search of their son, only to find dragons, knights and unfathomable secrets. **Pairing** Its setting and Arthurian qualities cry out for a tankard of mead, of which many craft breweries are producing modern versions.

—Athena McKenzie



COOKING WITH FIRE

Need a spark when it comes to your summer BBQ?

Full of "badass grilling secrets," **Hot and Hip Grilling Secrets: A Fresh Look at Cooking with**

Fire by Bonnie Matthews helps raise your barbecue game. Or elevate your next picnic with **The Outdoor Table: The Ultimate Cookbook for Your Next Backyard BBQ, Front-Porch Meal, Tailgate or Picnic** by April McKinney. In **Texas BBQ: Meat, Smoke & Love** by Jonas Cramby, learn the techniques for making the "best" barbecue in the world, while **The Picnic Cookbook** by Laura Mason will inspire you to take your next meal al fresco. —AM

Snake Sounds, 1942

YOU SNAKES are unusually suited to summer, with your constant outerwear shedding and love of warm, flat surfaces.

Beach Boy Brian Wilson was born in the Year of the Snake, a sign which – given the mercurial nature of this shape-shifting creature – recalls the character of the Gemini.

The legendary musician is a Gemini as well: is it any wonder *Love & Mercy*, the new Bill Pohlad bio-film, deploys two actors to play him?

Arguably, Paul Dano and John Cusack are used to represent Wilson's ages before and after the appearance of the masterpiece, *Pet Sounds*, but the director is also gesturing to the divided person he is trying to capture.

The California-based Beach Boys rose to fame in the early 1960s on a wave of surf-rock: a wash of cheery, harmony-driven pop songs about the joys of cruising to the beach and hitting the boards.

Wilson, the leader of the group and principal songwriter, is a Snake at its most extreme form. This sign is associated with power and creativity (Muhammad Ali and Picasso are two serpents), and it is linked to negative thinking, distrust and danger ranging from tiny hisses of disapproval to full-on snaps.

An artistic genius, Wilson has spent

most of his life bedeviled by mental illness: never having surfed himself, he spent a notoriously long amount of time in a sandbox in his room, that sanctuary he sang about so forlornly: “Do my dreaming and my scheming, lie awake and pray.”

A victim of abuse at his father's hand, Wilson poured his anguish into his creativity: again, this beautiful and agonized man is the absolute end of the Gemini-crossed snake spectrum.

Those of you also born this year may struggle with balance to some extent, but you are also uniquely adept at *transformation*. The biblical snake is, after all, one of the many guises adopted by the fallen angel, Lucifer.

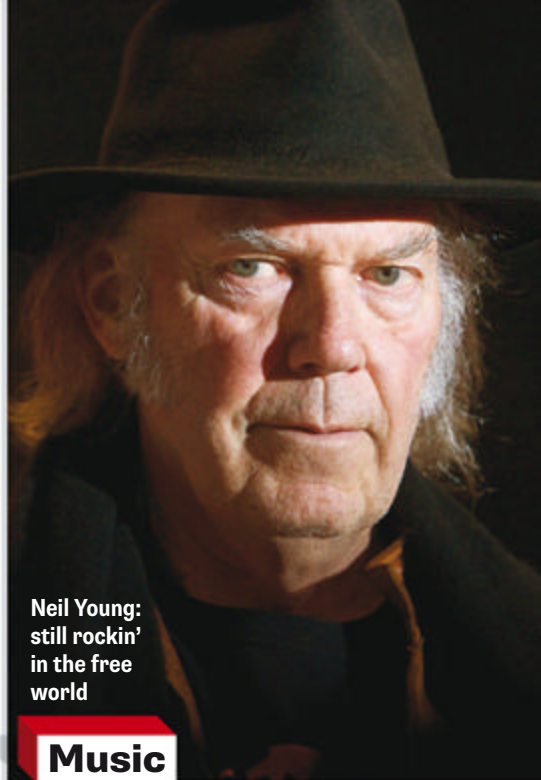
That is, you can, as Bob Dylan sings of a female artist, “take the dark out of the nighttime and paint the daytime black.”

This summer, we predict that you will be picking up good vibrations everywhere, as you slouch off your clothes and slink into the sunny days with your beloved sun at your back. —*Lynne Crosbie*

Extras

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God Only
Knows:
The Beach
Boys



Neil Young:
still rockin'
in the free
world

Music

Toronto transforms into a playground of the arts this June for the 2015 Luminato Festival, with a diverse lineup including the celestial **Late Night with the TSO: Holst the Planets, Joey Arias' Centennial Tribute to Billie Holliday** and Havana's **Malpaso Dance Company** featuring jazz musician **Arturo O'Farrill** (June 19-28).

Panamanian takes over in July and August, bringing rockers **Jann Arden, Colin James** and **The Flaming Lips** to celebrate the Pan Am and Parapan Am Games.

Edmonton rings in Canada Day weekend with **Neil Young** (July 3) as **Burton Cummings** plays Orillia's Casino Rama (July 3-4). **The Rolling Stones** rock Quebec City's Festival d'Été (July 15) while Nylon member **Micah Barnes** visits Burlington (July 10) and Midland (July 22-25). And **Gordon Lightfoot** caps off summer in Timmins (Aug. 26), Kirkland Lake (Aug. 27), North Bay (Aug. 28) and Dundas (Aug. 29). For more music listings, go to www.everythingzoomer.com/zoom-in-extras.

Film

The temperature is rising, so check those SPF ratings – Summer's Preeminent Films, that is – to forecast three of the summer's most anticipated flicks.

A heat wave arrives with **Mr. Holmes** (July 17), starring Sir Ian McKellan as a 93-year-old Holmes desperately attempting to remember the details of his final case. Cosy summer nights follow with **Ricki and the Flash** (Aug. 7), starring Meryl Streep as an aging rocker who sacrificed family for fame and fortune. And we're cautious of **The Man from U.N.C.L.E.** (Aug. 17), a Cold War-era flick with *Mad Men* style, based on the 1960s TV show. Success depends on director Guy Ritchie, whose films in recent years have been known to usher in a cold front. –MC

Well, hello there...

CAITLYN Jenner came into the world not as a bundled infant but a 65-year-old woman in an ivory bustier on the cover of *Vanity Fair*, a rebirth for the former Bruce Jenner that signals a recognition that one's gender lies not in the skin but in the soul. It's a transition, sure, but it's not only Caitlyn's. It's ours, as shockingly, until 2012, the American Psychiatric Association listed gender identity disorder – code for “transgender” – as a mental illness.

Jenner, like Chaz Bono – the only child of Sonny and Cher, who transitioned to a man in the late 2000s – saw her celebrity status surge post-surgery. Some questioned her youthful appearance – that she doesn't *look* 65, whatever that means – taking umbrage with her high-gloss, über-glam reveal. Others flocked to social media, rocketing Caitlyn to a million Twitter followers in record time, while her documentary series, *I Am Cait*, debuts in July on E!. Interestingly, the nature of her celebrity also transitioned, from aging Olympian-turned-befuddled reality TV foil to a beacon of self-awareness, recipient of the ESPY's Arthur Ashe Courage Award who told *Vanity Fair*, “I'm doing it to help my soul and help other people.”

Indeed, the cultural *Zeitgeist* has shifted, with shows like *Orange Is the New Black* and *Transparent*, two of Hollywood's most seminal series, featuring transgender characters and, on *OITNB*, the transgender actress Laverne Cox, who made the cover of *Time* last year. The upcoming film *The Danish Girl* stars Oscar-winner Eddie Redmayne as one of the world's first transgendered women – a sharp turn away from the usual cross-dressing fare, which focused on drag, which is unrelated to gender issues, for comedic purposes. True, many of the social struggles that transgendered men and women face still persist. The acceptance of Caitlyn's, however, proves progress is being made. Hers is a transition we're all taking part in. –MC



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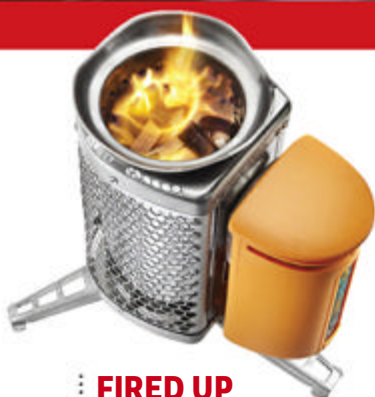
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THE OUTSIDERS

“Roughing it” meant something different when we were younger, but damned if the great outdoors isn’t made even greater with a WiFi connection to Netflix. These tough gadgets keep you alive and entertained, whether you’re prepping for the zombie apocalypse or car camping in Muskoka

Tech Alexander Joo



FIRED UP

Feed the **BioLite CampStove** some delicious sticks and twigs, and in return it'll provide you with a hyper-efficient smokeless campfire for cooking meats and boiling liquids. Even more important than sustenance, it'll also convert heat into usable electricity so you can recharge your smartphone, tablet and other USB-powered gadgets. \$140, *Mountain Equipment Co-op*, www.mec.ca, www.biolitestove.com



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WATER BOY

Whether your questionable water source is a tap, community well, fresh-water stream or a washroom attached to a no-name gas station, the **SteriPEN Freedom Water Purifier** produces drinkable water in 48 seconds



by zapping bacteria, viruses and protozoa with UV light. This rechargeable, portable lifesaver can treat 20 litres on a single charge. \$103, www.steripen.com



FIND YOURSELF

The **Garmin Epix TOPO Canada** touchscreen watch puts high-resolution, full-colour topographic maps and satellite imagery directly onto your wrist, giving you crucial intel on where the closest Tim Hortons is. In addition to GPS navigation, this watch also utiliz-

es GLONASS to access 24 Russian satellites, thereby finding your position quicker and making you feel one step closer to being James Bond. \$780, *Mountain Equipment Co-op*, www.mec.ca

OUT LOUD

The rugged, shock-absorbent **Braven BRV-1** outdoor speaker is IPX7-certified, meaning that it can be submerged into a one-metre deep lake for 30 minutes, which also means it'll easily shrug off rain, waves and spilled Merlot. Play your music via wireless Bluetooth or using the audio cable and then ward off wandering black bears who hate both hard projectiles and Justin Bieber tracks. US\$99, www.braven.com



PHOTOGRAPHY, CHRIS CHAPMAN (LAKE)

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Zoom In

George Clooney and wife, Amal Alamuddin wearing Valli post nuptials.



Beauty Kim Izzo

DESIGNER KISS-OFF

The Italian fashion designer Giambattista Valli is known for his love of florals – remember that thigh-baring dress Amal Alamuddin wore post-wedding in Venice? This summer Valli, whose label turns 10 this year, has collaborated with MAC for a limited-edition collection of five lipsticks in bouquet-inspired colours ranging from pale pink to deep plum. As Valli has said, “I made these for a woman who lives her life and isn’t afraid to wear colour and isn’t afraid to kiss!” Pucker up.



THE BUZZ

Holt Renfrew has partnered with handbag company Ela to create this gorgeous floral pouch, with three Burt’s Bees lip crayons inside. The best part though? 100 per cent of the proceeds of this \$50 pouch go to Pollinator Partnership Canada, a non-profit group working to protect pollinators – you do want plants on Earth, right? – and their habitats across the country. Some of these species have seen a 90 per cent decline in their populations in the past decade.

BRIGHTEN UP

Help your skin cool down during heat waves and look pretty, too, with Aqua Glow Watercolor Blush by Stila. We love the weightless and water-based formula that leaves a light wash of colour – and for older skin that tends to be drier, it’s a needed burst of moisture.



OCEAN GOING

Remember seaside holidays? With names like Prêt-à-Surfer and Saltwater Happy, this season’s pastel and sorbet shades from Essie will add a nostalgic touch to your fingertips.



POWER POUT

If subtlety is not your thing, then a slick of Clinique Pop Lip Colour + Primer may be just the ticket. Each tube is packed with super moisturizing shea and murumuru (a palm tree in the Amazon) butters and a primer that gives a velvety feel and prevents bleeding into fine lines around lips, but it’s the eye-popping full coverage colours that will turn heads as you stroll along the boardwalk.





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THE LIGHT FANTASTIC

Biion is a Canadian company that has been garnering some rave reviews for its ultra lightweight flexible golf shoes in classic white or eye-popping colours and patterns. Made entirely of EVA (ethylene-vinyl acetate), these slip-on shoes have a smooth and comfortable fit (you can wear them sockless) while a honeycomb pattern on the sole - instead of spikes - provides traction. Easily washable and available for both men and women, they can go anywhere - from the golf course to boating and the beach, making them ideal to take on vacations. biionfootwear.com

Style Derick Chetty

GOOD TIMING

It's graduation time, and what better gift to give your favourite grandkid on the successful completion of their studies than the gift of time - a treasured keepsake such as a Tiffany & Co. watch? The luxury brand recently launched a new watch collection, the Tiffany CT60, inspired by a Tiffany & Co. gold watch given to U.S. President Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1945. Besides being an heirloom that can be passed down for generations, it's a gift that's a timely reminder that from this moment on, they should make every minute count. www.Tiffany.ca



WEDDING BELLES

You might remember Le Château from your teenage years as the go-to store for your prom night outfit. Now, the Canadian retailer is set to dress you for that other big formal day in your life - your wedding. With the launch of The Wedding Boutique, it's a department - both online and in select stores -

that caters to not just brides but to entire wedding parties including bridesmaids, mothers-of-the-bride and grooms. Besides well-priced gowns, there is a wide selection of affordable wedding shoes and accessories. Your daughter's or granddaughter's wedding does not have to be an expensive proposal. www.lechateau.com

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Hears to Us!

“ I DON’T HAVE perfect hearing, and if I listen to loud music or go to gigs I do tend to get tinnitus. Don’t we all????”

Pete Townshend, on his blog

I read out that trivia pearl to my partner. She grunted, “So what’s your excuse?”

That’s a two-pointer in my household. She not only nailed me for being hard of hearing, she managed to work in a reference to my lame guitarsmanship. She’s good.

But she’s at least half-wrong. I’m not deaf, and it’s official. I know that because I took my ears off to an audiologist and had them checked out. “Your hearing is excellent for someone your age,” she said.

I told her that my partner probably wouldn’t agree. The audiologist smiled and said, “Well, there is a phenomenon known as selective hearing.”

Related *that* little nugget to my partner. Two-pointer for my side. I think.

As for Pete Townshend, he has to be the poster boy for self-inflicted hearing loss. Pete’s in the Guinness Book of Records for being on stage at what’s been called “the loudest rock concert ever.” At a London football stadium show in 1976, his band hit 126 decibels. That’s louder than a chainsaw three feet from your ear and almost as loud as standing on the tarmac behind a jet aircraft taking off.

Add to that his years of playing lead guitar for The Who while standing between amplifiers as big as box-

cars and cranked to the max and yeah, it figures that Pete might have hearing issues from time to time.

For most of us, the fear of going deaf is only a notch below the fear of blindness, but a lot of hearing-challenged humans have done alright. Thomas Edison had serious hearing problems but managed to invent the light bulb, the phonograph and more than a thousand other devices. Lou Ferrigno, a.k.a. The Hulk has impaired hearing. So do Halle Berry and Rob Lowe.

Musicians seem to be particularly vulnerable. Aside from Pete Townshend, Brian Wilson of The Beach Boys and George Martin, the famous Beatles producer, did some of their best work while under significant aural handicaps.

I grant you pop music may not be the most challenging arrow in the musicological quiver, but can you imagine trying to create classical music with faulty hearing? Fauré did. So did William Boyce and the Czech composer Bedrich Smetana. The great Beethoven went deaf as a kumquat but kept right on composing masterpieces – even though he would never hear a single note of them.

According to the Public Health Agency of Canada, 30 per cent of us over the age of 65 will eventually experience hearing loss, but it probably won’t be Ludwigian in scope. For most of us, it will manifest itself in grumbling about those damned news announcers who all seem to

mumble the news or wondering why cocktail party chatter has turned into a gabble of undifferentiated sound.

For most of us boomers, age-related hearing loss will not turn out to be catastrophic – more ... amusing.

An acquaintance watches me struggling to follow the conversation in a noisy restaurant. He leans over and confides, “You should get a hearing aid like mine. It’s light as a feather, almost invisible. Only cost me 25 hundred bucks.”

“Really,” I say. “What kind is it?”

The acquaintance says, “Half-past four.”

Two Winnipeggers bump into

“The fear of going deaf is only a notch below the fear of blindness”

each other at the corner of Portage and Main, the coldest crossroads in Canada. “Windy, isn’t it?” says one.

“No,” says the other. “I’m pretty sure it’s Thursday.”

“Me, too,” says the first guy. “You wanna go and grab a beer?”

Isn’t making light of a disability kind of ... blasphemous? Nah, laughter’s always good for what ails you.

I say: “Hear, hear.”

Arthur Black is the author of 17 books of humour and a three-time winner of the Stephen Leacock Memorial Medal for Humour.

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Sex on the Beach – or Not

I BELIEVE THAT immediately upon arrival somewhere new, you must dive or jump or somehow dunk your head under water, be it lake, ocean or hotel pool. This is a ritual of renewal I swiped from an old friend, the experiential art curator Natalie Kovacs, a woman who wears the word kook with great aplomb. Natko, who quite romantically spends her life wandering the world in search of truth and beauty, wears her birthday suit to wash off the old and welcome the new and the next. Nudity is optional: the important bit is the commitment to starting fresh.

Vacations are a way to stop the merry-go-round and reflect, to carve markers into time as it tumbles past. That said, it is a lot of weight for a getaway to bear, especially when you add in expectations about sex.

Yes, wearing fewer items of clothing (none of them with collar stays or Spanx) can lead to honeymoon-style enthusiasms. You are off the clock, hopefully off the smartphones, there are no chores in the job jar, there has likely been close attention paid to waxes and pedicures and such and you are somewhere in paradise conducive to romance. Context matters when it comes to sex and the adventuresome factor: what happens in Muskoka stays in Muskoka. A Tripcentral.ca-Ipsos-Reid survey of 1,000 Canadian women found that nine out of 10 agreed that being on vacation was a good way to “rekindle the spark” in a relationship. (Also in the survey, 53 per cent of respondents felt the sex on vacation was qualitatively better than workaday sex.)

Except that leaves 47 per cent who know that things can go so very wrong. Beyond vertigo from trying to balance acrobatics in a canoe, there is sand in your wet bathing suit. If you like each other, these things are funny. If you don’t, it is going to be a long, awkward vacation. Most of us probably remember the agony of the last-ditch vacation, trying to salvage a dead relationship with piña coladas.

“If you have better sex on a vacation than at home, I think it is a sign that there are good things in the relationship and you just haven’t been prioritizing sex enough at home,” says Bianca Rucker, a sex and relationship therapist who practises in Vancouver. “If you don’t have better sex on vacation, it might point to more serious issues in the relationship. For example, if a couple is not emotionally connected enough or there are resentments, then sex may be a ‘No’ on vacation.”

If you are one half of an unconnected couple, all is not lost, says Rucker, who recommends starting the vacation early. “A couple can talk about what they are looking forward to in a sexual way before they leave. This will help with getting on the same page in terms of what each is imagining. I suggest that couples use the phrase, ‘I would like ...’ as a positive way to each express themselves.” Many of the reasons for being stuck may be changeable with attention and effort (whether it be personal growth or addressing medical or hormonal issues).


Getting out of town can be a tonic for an out-of-synch relationship, says Dr. David McKenzie, also a Vancouver-

based sex therapist. He cites New York-based Belgian writer Esther Perel, author of *Mating in Captivity: Unlocking Erotic Intelligence*, and her concept of using a change of physical context to rejuvenate passion. “Nobody should be going on vacation and thinking ‘Oh, wow, we’re gonna have sex every night,’” says McKenzie. “It is important in a long-term relationship that you schedule sex,” especially on vacation. “Spontaneity still happens but it’s an illusion if you think it will be as often as when you first met.”

From his experience travelling across Canada on a Cialis-sponsored speaking tour around the pharmaceutical company’s study of baby

“Focus on outercourse as opposed to the intercourse”

boomers’ sex lives, McKenzie concludes, “You can have more satisfying, deeply moving sex lives after 60 than at 30. It is a matter of actually trying to enjoy each other’s bodies. You have to change the way you have sex, focus on outercourse as opposed to the intercourse” mandated by our procreative years.

So, it is a simple formula: explore fresh horizons, explore each other and the sex will follow. The first step is to hold your partner’s hand when you jump in that lake together. 

Leanne Delap is a freelance journalist who writes about fashion, lifestyle and, yes, sex.



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The Gold Medal for Cheating

IF YOU AIN'T cheating, you ain't trying."

This old chestnut gets hauled out every time a professional athlete gets caught bending the rules in order to gain advantage in play. While playing fast and loose with the rules of the game is not particularly admirable, it's expected from competitive athletes. And, it's little different than us fudging our taxes or illegally downloading the *Mad Men* finale.

Every so often, a story of egregious sports subterfuge captures our imagination, either because it's so outrageous (Rosie Ruiz taking a shortcut to win the Boston Marathon); or frightening (Mike Tyson chewing off a piece of Evander Holyfield's ear); or bizarre (figure skater Tonya Harding hiring a hitman to cripple competitor Nancy Kerrigan) or because it tarnishes a hero (Ben Johnson and Lance Armstrong).

The recent controversy that blew up around New England Patriots quarterback Tom Brady and his deflated footballs had none of these elements to make it memorable. Brady, you'll recall, allegedly asked Patriot ballboys to substitute a secret stash of underpumped balls into his team's playoff game against the Indianapolis Colts last year, reasoning he could better grip the pigskin in the windy and rainy conditions. It wasn't much as sports scandals go (many quarterbacks have tried this – Brady's sin was being sleazy about it). No matter, he was eventually suspended for four games, the Patriots lost some draft picks and the team was fined \$1 million.

Despite the furor of Deflategate, it seems trifling compared to the cheating that routinely takes place in the executive offices of sports governing bodies. For years, hugely powerful and wealthy global organizations such as Fédération Internationale de Football Association (FIFA) and the International Olympic Committee (IOC) have been dogged by allegations of bribery and corruption, not to mention the lavish lifestyles enjoyed by their executives. Whenever big money is involved – FIFA turned an astounding \$2.6 billion profit at last year's World Cup in Brazil while the IOC churned out an estimated \$8 billion from broadcast rights, sponsorship deals and ticket sales for the 2010 Vancouver and the 2012 London Games – there are bound to be gifters looking to get in on the action.

Few were surprised when the FIFA offices were raided in May, resulting in the arrest of seven officials on bribe and money laundering charges and forcing the resignation of its president, Sepp Blatter. Reports suggested some officials had received cash-stuffed envelopes from sports marketing firms in exchange for the granting of exclusive television contracts and sponsorship rights.

The IOC is no stranger to scandal either: remember, Salt Lake's Olympic organizing committee was accused of giving six IOC delegates received direct cash payments in return for voting in favour of its 2002 Winter Games bid. And, on the night before the vote was held to decide where the

2000 Summer Olympics would be held, the president of the Australian Olympic Committee admitted he had offered \$35,000 to two African IOC delegates in exchange for their support of the Sydney bid.

Our growing distaste for these mafia-like business practices is probably why the Pan Am/Parapan American Games is garnering such positive publicity. You probably won't see its organizers riding around in limos or its delegates receiving suitcases full of cash. Because many Pan Am events take place in smaller cities outside Toronto, the games evoke a folksy vibe that has long disappeared from the Olympics and World Cup. Plus, in a stunning announcement, Pan Am organizers said the event should come

"Few were surprised when FIFA offices were raided"

in \$53.5 million under budget.

The biggest controversy so far has stemmed from dubious expense claims. It seems that not only did the organizing committee treat itself to some posh dinners and a few high-end dress shirts but someone had the audacity to submit a bill for \$5.63 – for Ziploc bags from Loblaws.

For that kind of low-level corruption, we'll award them the bronze medal for cheating. That leaves FIFA and the IOC to fight it out for the gold. **2**

Peter Muggeridge is a senior editor at *Zoomer* magazine who blogs on sports at everythingzoomer.com.

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The Future Ain't What It Used to Be

WHEN WE ASK CARP members if they will vote in the next election, they always answer, “Yes!” In our advocacy, we try to identify the ballot issues – those that would drive the country’s most avid voters to choose one candidate or party over another – or more important today – to change their voting patterns.

Pundits and pollsters of all sorts capture voting patterns and prognosticate intentions using tired, old stereotypes like: seniors “always vote Conservative” or only care about their pensions. So they heralded all the senior-friendly measures in the 2015 federal budget as sure vote-getters – some truth to that but mostly wrong about why. Of course, people worry about their finances, their health and well-being and appreciate help to meet their needs, assuage their fears. But the motivation for exercising their franchise does not end there.

CARP members welcomed the budget proposals to reduce RRIF withdrawals rates, double the TFSA room, substantially increase EI compassionate leave (albeit retaining the terminal diagnosis requirement, which should go) and give a tax credit for home accessibility renovations – not coincidentally all taken right from CARP’s pre-budget submissions. But, in the next breath, members were quick to say that it was not enough to secure their vote; that would take increasing CPP and palpable action on home care and pharmacare.

Such changes would help their children as much as they would help themselves, and pension reform would only

help the next generation. This altruism extends to people less well off than them. Whether or not they are living cheque to cheque or already retired, they worry about the hardship for those who cannot wait two extra years for their OAS, and so call for the eligibility age to be returned to 65. Those who don’t need the money have it clawed back, but anyone who needs it gets it along with GIS. So CARP members don’t buy the pseudo-economic arguments that “we are all living longer so we can’t afford it.” Can’t afford what? Can’t afford to make sure that people don’t live in poverty when they’re elderly? The backlash to raising the OAS age forced the government to promise to fund any provincial program to cover those who couldn’t make it for two extra years. To date, no such program exists.

CARP members favour self-reliance but know there are some things that require collective action. Just as no one expects to build their own airport or fly their own jet to Europe, our members understand that it is far more difficult, if not impossible, for average Canadians to save adequately for their retirement, that being part of a larger pension plan is far more secure and productive.

But they aren’t content to let massive public systems like health care just carry on not meeting their most urgent needs. Instead, they call for transformative change, goring sacred cows. The refusal of any level of government to lead fundamental change is a non-starter. Members see the


need for collective action in providing health care but want a new social contract in which they drive the values and priorities. A system that has grown around the conceits of health-care providers will have to adapt.

Add to this landscape, the hundreds of thousands of baby boomers reaching the age when these issues loom large – a group that doesn’t take no for an answer – and you have the recipe for disruption. Are we ready? Remember that an NDP majority in Alberta was once unthinkable. The oil patch is already lobbying for the status quo – just a tetch too late!

Within our attention span, seemingly intractable issues are no longer up for debate: same-sex marriage and

“Remember, an NDP majority in Alberta was once unthinkable”

adoption, marijuana legalization, doctor-assisted dying. It’s even safe for zombie ideas to resurface: creationism, refusal to pay for abortion or even refer women to a doctor for the procedure. But like screaming sexist abuse at female newscasters, they are shut right down.

As Yogi Berra once said, “the future ain’t what it used to be.” And the sooner the politicians get that, the smoother the election campaign will go. 

Susan Eng is vice-president of advocacy for CARP and appears regularly in the media.

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Two New Jobs and a Retirement

JUST YESTERDAY, my husband started a demanding high-profile new job. My oncologist is moving to British Columbia to do the same thing. And one of the founders of the charity I am involved with is retiring. These are major transitions, not just for the people making them, but for those of us in their orbit.

Doug is now in charge of policy, public affairs and communications for the country's largest chamber of commerce. Dr. Malcolm Moore is going to head up the BC Cancer Agency. Both were "headhunted" and both stood out in what had to be an impressive roster of candidates. Congratulations are pouring in – not just for landing these plums – but for doing it at their age.

"There's a line people cross when they hit their 50s," says Lisa Taylor of The Challenge Factory, a recruitment and talent management organization that addresses our changing demographics. "That's when age starts to become a factor in your career path." Taylor believes that having the right stuff for the job will trump concerns about age. But she concedes that the directive to "find fresh eyes" can sometimes be code for a bias toward younger candidates.

John Koopman, who runs the Toronto office of the executive search firm SpencerStuart, says he's heard the same thing "25 times" when he's proposed people in their late 50s for senior executive positions. The argument persists no matter how good the fit and how healthy the candidate. "There's just not enough run-


way for us to make such a significant investment." The evidence may show that we are living longer and working longer – the one follows from the other. But in Koopman's experience, employers are loath to let go of the traditional vision of retirement or, at least, their fear of it after spending time and money on a search. For those hoping to follow Doug and Dr. Moore, he says, "It's possible, but they'd be one of the lucky few."

Doug's new position will mean minor domestic adjustments: who shops, who cooks, when we can eat together and what business-related social events we attend. And we'll be going out less in the immediate future – he's already into that new-job immersion and he's started to go to bed an hour earlier.

With Moore, there's a different conundrum. It's normal for cancer patients to feel anxious and adrift when their regular treatments end. I never experienced that, and my treatment ended years ago. My checkups are now down to once a year and, between my work schedule and some overseas trips, I have let it go longer. I am not concerned that it will be 18 months between the scans and bloodwork that confirm I am cancer-free. The nail-biting wait for results is a thing of the past – I'll get them in writing so I won't even have to go in. Still, the prospect of losing my doctor leaves me with an unsettled anxiety. The choice of a replacement seems like a big decision even though I likely won't see that person from one year to the next.

I do see Moore outside his office because of my work with Pancreatic Cancer Canada, which brings me to the retirement. When Betty Aldridge started a golf tournament with two of her friends nearly 11 years ago, she could not have imagined how far it would come in a decade. The charity has donated more than \$3.5 million for research and treatment, initiated educational programs, offered support for patients and their families and raised awareness of this terrible disease. I remember fondly how three of us allocated donations on the back of an envelope when I first started. Now it has a national grant competition, overseen by a

"Having the right stuff for the job trumps age"

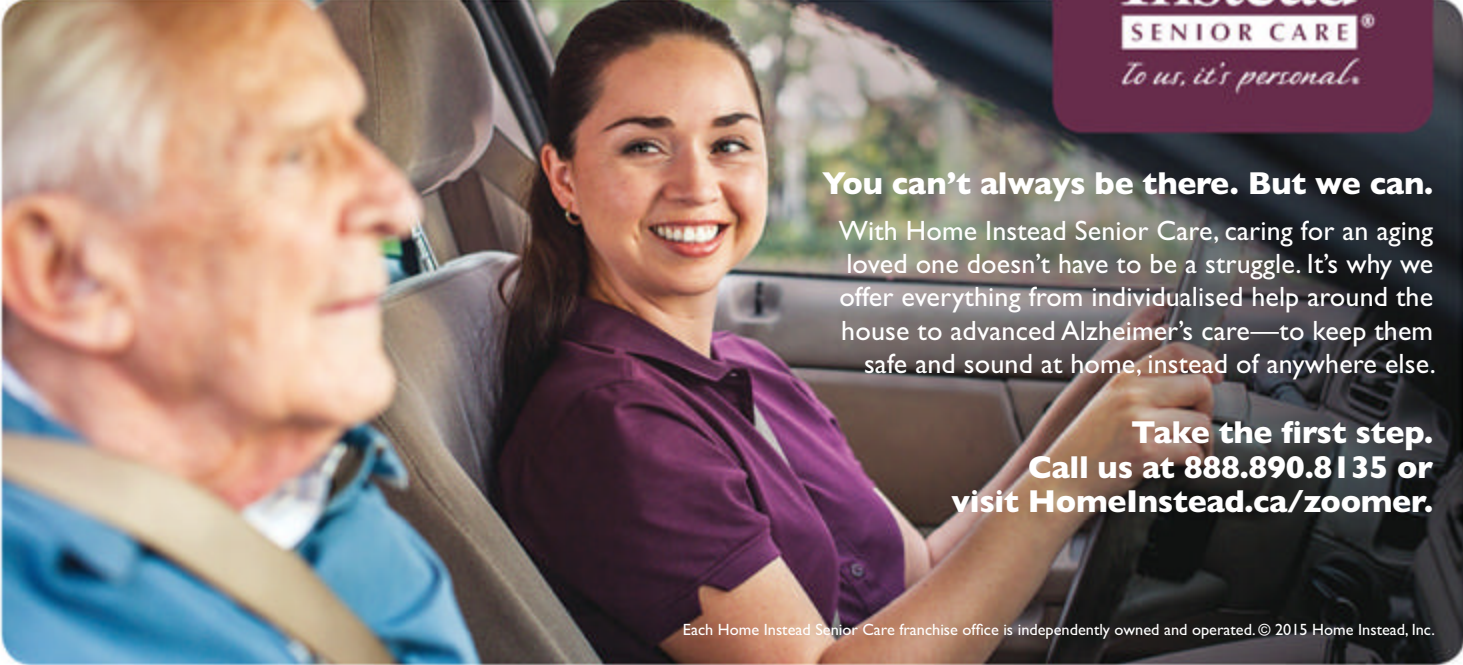
medical advisory board, which uses a scientific scoring system to make their decisions. The organization is still largely run by the founders and the board, but we are about to hire our first professional executive director. All of us will have to take a step back – but especially Betty, who is stepping down. It is a blessing to know when the time is right. If the charity was a person, she would be entering adulthood. The rest of us are heading into the next transition with optimism and zest. 

Libby Znaimer (libby@zoomer.ca) is VP of news on AM740 and Classical 96.3 FM (ZoomerMedia properties).



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Zooming

POOL PARTY

WITH CANADA PENSION PLAN reform suddenly all the rage in this election campaign, voters must choose which party they trust to see it through. Right now, retirees who paid CPP premiums during their working lives, are drawing a measly average of \$8,392.08 a year in benefits from the program – hardly enough to pay the rent, let alone cover other living expenses. Although it took time for the significance of these numbers to sink in, all federal parties now agree that something must be done to bolster retirement security: the Conservatives, last-minute converts to CPP reform, feel any extra contributions to the plan should be voluntary, the Liberals favour a modest mandatory increase while the NDP suggest much higher premiums, also mandatory. The different approaches reflect the parties' ideologies. The Tories argue that we should decide for ourselves where our savings go, whether that's through contributing more to CPP or using RRSPs, TFSAs or PRPPs. Conversely, the Liberals and NDP feel that an enhanced CPP must be mandatory as we are just not inclined to squirrel away enough money for our post-working lives. Ideology aside, most pension experts say that the only way a reformed CPP can produce guaranteed higher premiums is to make it mandatory – i.e., everyone's in the pool. While the Conservatives have made plenty of laudable reforms to make it easier for us to save for retirement (pension splitting, doubling TFSA limits, reducing mandatory RRIF withdraw rates), their offer to open up CPP to voluntary contributions seems a half-hearted election ploy. Either they take the plunge and make increased CPP contributions mandatory or they stay out of the pool altogether. Lurking at the edge is only confusing voters about their true intentions. Perhaps that's the idea. —Peter Muggeridge

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“Either you decide to stay in the shallow end of the pool or you go out in the ocean”
—Christopher Reeve

Finance

The Election Cookie Jar

How you can benefit from the federal budget
By Gordon Pape

THE TIMING OF the retirement savings announcements found in Conservative Finance Minister Joe Oliver's budget is hardly a coincidence. They were released just a few months before the next federal election to entice more Canadians over 50 to turn out at the polls than younger people.

The most important change, by far, was the reduction in the minimum annual RRIF withdrawal rates for those 71 and older. This has been a thorn in the side of retirees for years. With interest rates at historic lows, the government continued to insist that RRIF holders take out huge amounts of money even if they didn't need it. Why? So the Canada Revenue Agency could tax it.

There was no relationship between the required minimums (7.38 per

PERSONAL BUDGET POINTERS

■ **Top up your TFSA.** Although it hadn't been passed by Parliament, the \$10,000 contribution limit became effective immediately. So if you've already put \$5,500 into your plan for 2015 (the old maximum), you can add up to \$4,500 more. Do it now. The sooner the money gets into the TFSA, the sooner the tax shelter benefits kick in. Also, Justin Trudeau has said the Liberals will revert to the old \$5,000 maximum if they're elected. That's one more reason not to wait.

■ **Reduce your RRIF withdrawals.** If you

don't need all the money you've been taking out of your RRIF, instruct the plan administrator to adjust the withdrawals to the new formula. For example, if you're 71 years old and had \$100,000 in a RRIF as of Jan. 1, you were required to take out \$7,380 this year. That has been reduced to \$5,280. If you've already taken out more than the new minimum in 2015, you're allowed to re-contribute the difference.

■ **Consider drawing down RRSPs.** I've always advised keeping money in RRSPs for as long as possible

to defer taxes. But the advent of TFSAs and the increase in the contribution limit have changed the dynamics. In certain circumstances, taking money out of an RRSP, paying the tax and re-contributing the remainder to a TFSA makes sense. This could help both higher- and lower-income Canadians. Higher-income people could avoid or reduce the Old Age Security clawback, while those in lower tax brackets could receive increased payments from the Guaranteed Income Supplement (GIS) since TFSA withdrawals do not count as income.

cent at age 71, increasing each year after that) and the returns available from the type of low-risk securities that are suitable for these accounts. At the time the budget came down,

the major banks were offering only 1.5 per cent interest on five-year guaranteed investment certificates. That meant retirees faced the choice of taking on more risk to obtain ►

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higher returns or running down their capital at an alarming rate. Bad options, both of them.

The government says the reduced withdrawal rates will allow almost 50 per cent more capital to remain in the plan by age 90. That's great – as far as it goes. But it still leaves us in the position of having to withdraw more money annually than the plan can earn by investing in low-risk securities such as GICs and bonds. Ottawa's cash grab is still in place; it's just not quite as voracious.

Ideally, Mr. Oliver would have abolished the minimum withdrawals entirely and let us decide for ourselves how much money we need from our RRIFs. After all, the whole amount will eventually be taxed when the last surviving spouse dies. But for now, we'll take what we can get.

Another major change is the increase in the annual contribution limit for Tax-Free Savings Accounts (TFSA) to \$10,000. TFSAs are the only tax shelter available to people over 71, so any boost in the limit is welcome. These plans are a great place to shelter RRIF withdrawal income you don't immediately need.

There was a price tag attached to the increase, however. TFSAs are no longer indexed to inflation, so the \$10,000 limit is all we'll get. Still, that's a small price to pay as far as older people are concerned. By my calculations, assuming two per cent inflation, it would have taken almost 30 years to reach a \$10,000 limit under the indexing system. Many of us won't be around that long. 

Gordon Pape is the editor and publisher of the Internet Wealth Builder and Income Investor newsletters. Visit his website at www.buildingwealth.ca and follow him on Twitter at [www.twitter.com/GPUUpdates](https://twitter.com/GPUUpdates).



Strategy

DOLLAR DAZE

Diving loonie? Adjust your cross-border spending habits accordingly **By Ian MacNeill**

WITH OIL PRICES down for the foreseeable future and our economy still not firing on all cylinders, Canadians who shop, travel or invest in the U.S. are feeling the pinch of our weakened dollar. Here are four ways the languishing loonie is changing the way we do business south of the border.

Prioritize your shopping list

Mention July 2011 to a dedicated cross-border shopper, and they're likely to get a tear of nostalgia in their eye. That was the year the loonie was worth US\$1.06, and buying "stuff" in the shopping malls crowded near border crossings like time-share touts at a beachfront bar in Puerto Vallarta was more fun than a barrel of smartphones. Now, with the dollar trading in the 80-cent region – not so much.

Despite the drop, a considerable number of Canadians are still making the trip. Part of it is proximity – three-quarters of Canadians live within 160 kilometres of the border – and part of it is price. Despite the hammering the loonie has taken, there are certain products, including milk, cheese, gasoline and booze to name a few, that are still cheaper south of the border. Gasoline alone costs a third less than it does in Canada, and the allure of that is evidenced by the cars with Canadian plates at Costco in Bellingham, Wash., lined up at the pumps 15 deep and four lanes across from open to closing seven days a week. (I know – I've been in them!) And for some it isn't even that: it's about the experience, the adventure, the fun of sitting in border lineups, sometimes for hours, before getting

grilled about your grocery choices by people with guns. Go figure.

Look to stock (market) up

Murray Leith can only smile when asked if the falling loonie means investing in U.S. stocks is a bad idea. "In the late '90s, when the dollar was trading in the 65- to 70-cent range, people were tripping over themselves to use an undervalued Canadian dollar to buy blue-chip U.S. stocks that were ridiculously overpriced," says the VP and director of investment research at Odium Brown in Vancouver. Nowadays, with the dollar more fairly valued, they're suddenly afraid to get their feet wet. Get over it, he says, arguing that the Canadian dollar is "fairly valued" between US\$0.80 and \$0.85 because that puts it in line with something known as purchasing power parity, defined as the exchange rate that makes the same basket of goods equally priced in both countries. "With the Canadian dollar roughly fairly valued, one should spend their energy focusing on the quality and price of a business. It is still easier to find high-quality businesses at reasonable prices in the U.S. and, therefore, it is still a good idea to invest outside of Canada," he says. Translation: be not afraid!


Ask for value added

Hoteliers south of the border are not panicking about the crippled Canadian dollar. At least not yet, says Dave Blandford of Visit Seattle. "We haven't seen a lot of discounting or Canadian-at-par pricing, at least at the current time," he says. Mark Andrew, general manager of the recently refurbished Semiahmoo Resort, which is just across the border from Vancouver in Washington State and a long-time favourite with Canadian weekenders, says that while deep discounting has thus far been avoided, smart hotel operators wanting to maintain their Canadian con-

nection are making sure their north-of-the-border visitors are getting a better experience at a better price. "Canadians are smart about their money, and they're looking for value," he says. "This is no time for somebody to say to them, 'That's the price, that's the dollar, deal with it.'" And for those planning a trip to America, here's a tip. Don't assume the price you see on your favourite travel website is cast in stone. Call hotels directly and speak to a human being; tell them you're coming from Canada and that you're looking for a better deal. Hotels will frequently wheel and deal with customers in person in ways they cannot afford to do on aggregator sites. It never hurts to ask, and there's always another hotel.

Get real with real estate

Morbid tales of snowbirds selling their homes in the Sunbelt and moving back to Canada because the dollar is down leave Brian Nicola scratching his head. The retired supermarket manager from White Rock, B.C., says all the people he knows who could afford to buy a home in Palm Desert where he lives half the year with his wife, Lori, can afford to stay. In fact, if it wasn't for the 182-day residency rule, they'd stay longer, he does concede that in terms of day-to-day expenses – everything from groceries to green fees – it costs them about a third more to live in the United States now than it did when the dollar was at par.

Anecdotally, the low loonie does seem to have stemmed the tide of new Canadian buyers moving in. "Lori was playing golf with a real estate agent the other day, and this woman said that a couple of years ago, 80 per cent of her customers were Canadian. Now it's zero per cent." So it would seem that when it comes to snowbirding, if you're in, you're in. If you're not and you want in, it'll cost you! 

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TRESS TALK

mEN LOSING THEIR hair

have the option of “firing it before it quits,” i.e., shaving off the remaining strands for a sleek Patrick Stewart look.

Female hereditary hair loss, or androgenic alopecia, differs from the retreating hairline and bare patches that characterize male pattern baldness, and buzzing it off isn't a solution most women would consider.

A widening part and thinning breaking hair can affect up to 25 per cent of women in their lifetime, many after menopause, with hormone fluctuations the suspected cause.

Women's Rogaine (with 5% minoxidil), the only clinically proven topical treatment to regrow hair, is now available without a prescription (\$57-\$70 for a two-month supply). Successful in

roughly 85 per cent of women (even effective at regrowing hair lost to chemotherapy), it's been retooled from alcohol-based drops into a topical once-a-day mousse.

Rogaine lengthens hair's anagen (growth) phase and stimulates better-quality new hairs

that penetrate the scalp more deeply and can be up to 48 per cent thicker than the hairs they're replacing.

Results are visible in 12 to 16 weeks with a more noticeable change within six months. But for thicker hair, it seems worth the wait. —Liza Herz

Vitality



BEST FOOT FORWARD

Sensible shoes are having a moment, be it the hippie hooper in a Birkenstock or mighty millennial rocking an obscenely thick-soled sports shoe. But for me, a 40-something woman recently recovered from bunion surgery, I wanted something with less clunk and more sass. To that end, I test drove one of the latest summer sandals from Vionic, a company known for its built-in orthotic technology. The sandals arrived: a sexy taupe pair, glamorously dubbed Tatiana, with enough bling to ensure I won't feel out of place at a summer cocktail party. But most important to my sore aching feet was the Orthoheel Technology. The deep heel cup – biomechanical foot bed that supports your arch and enhanced foot contour – makes for a super comfortable stride. I'm ready for that pedicure now. —Kim Izzo

Apothecary

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Is Sugar the New Fat?

Case Study Dr. Zach


LAST MARCH, the World Health Organization (WHO) presented the following new guideline to sugar intake: “In both adults and children, the intake of free sugars should be reduced to less than 10 per cent of total energy intake and a further reduction to below five per cent of total energy intake provides additional health benefits.” Free sugars refer to sugars that are added to food, as opposed to the natural sugar that exists in fruits and vegetables, which is not as unhealthy. The WHO says that limiting your sugar intake will decrease your risk of obesity, which is associated with heart attack, as well as stroke, certain cancers and dental cavities. Glucose is a simple sugar that is an essential energy source for humans. But not all sugar is created equal.

The recommended calories per day depend on one’s age and gender. For example, an average male between the ages of 51 and 70 years of age should take in between 2,150 and 2,650 calories per day, depending on how active he is, and an average woman in the same age group between 1,650 to 2,100 calories. Do some simple math: 10 per cent of 2,000 is 200 calories, which is about 50 grams of sugar.

What most people don’t realize is that there is also added sugar in such foods as bread, pizza, salad dressing, flavoured yogurt and ketchup. In general, “real” foods, like fruits

39g

A single can of soda contains a whopping 39 grams of free sugar, which is not the same as the healthy kind that naturally occurs in fruits and vegetables.

and vegetables, are the best sources of sugar. And although the sugar in fruit is okay, that in fruit juice or punch is not because it is ingested without the benefit of the other components of fruit, especially the fibre. And there’s the rub: fibre slows down the absorption of sugar and thereby decreases the unhealthy spikes in our blood glucose levels. There is extra concern about high fructose corn syrup, a type of added sugar found in many cakes and pastries, because it may cause weight gain and is associated with a fatty liver. 

Dr. Zachary Levine is an assistant professor in the faculty of medicine at McGill University Health Centre and medical correspondent for AM740 (a ZoomerMedia property).

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Zooming **HEALTH**

Crisis, What Crisis?

Mid-life cliché, chaos
or perhaps clarity
By Lisa Bendall

YOU THINK YOUR mate is having a mid-life crisis. Out of the blue, they announce they're getting tattoos. Or buying a luxury boat. Or quitting a longtime accountant job to go build houses in Ecuador.

Has your loved one lost their mind? More likely, they're taking stock of their life. In February 2014, a German think-tank reported that our sense of well-being dips lowest in our 40s. (Satisfaction climbs again as we progress through the next two or three decades.) "Underneath it all, it's an existential crisis," says Sig Taylor, a Calgary marriage counsellor. In your 40s and 50s, parents are aging, children have grown up, a high school buddy just had a heart attack. In your 60s and 70s, you're looking at retirement, your body is slowing down and more of your friends are facing serious illness. "It's usually during mid-life that you start to realize life is not forever," Taylor points out. That can prompt you to think about the way you want to spend the time that's left.

But for the spouse or partner who isn't having the same experience, it can be tough to get on board. You may worry about job security or retirement savings, while your spouse is busy choosing between voluntourism projects. "It's hard as a partner to wrap your head around that," says psychologist Dr. Judith Norton in

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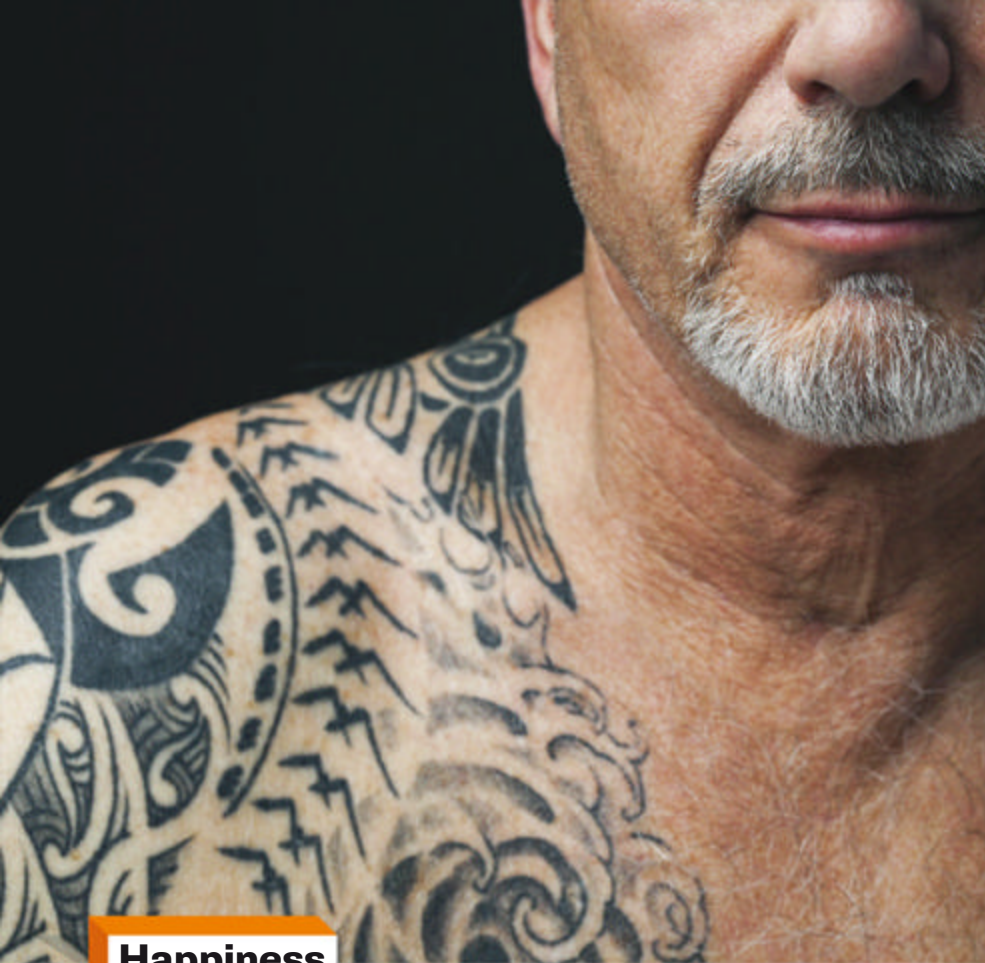
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Happiness

Westmount, Que. She notes that the mid-life crisis can look different for men and women. Men who have traditionally put work first may switch their focus to family. Women who've attended to family needs for decades often concentrate on career.

Upon hearing that your partner wants to leave your adults-only condo for an off-grid commune, your first reaction might involve a certain amount of freaking out. "Those kinds of responses are the wrong ones," cautions Taylor. No matter how crazy you think this all sounds, try to control your own emotional response. "The key is validating the other person's feelings." Ask them to help you understand where this is coming from, and then take it on *together*. "It's when people make unilateral decisions that causes a lot of stress on the relationship," Taylor says.

When Taylor's client had a sudden desire to drive his motorcycle around the world, he and his wife

planned it out as a team. Instead of leaving her for a year, he took time away in three-week chunks, and she joined him for segments of the trip. "They made decisions around the dream together, she felt part of it and they found a way to make it work for both of them."

Not every relationship will survive such a situation, especially if it's already on shaky ground. Tellingly, the average age of Canadian men and women getting divorced is 40-something. Mid-life is also the most common time for cheating. The mid-life crisis, for some, is an opportunity to reassess a relationship – and it may be found wanting.

But while this transition can sometimes put a heavy strain on the partnership and even result in its dissolution, it could also transform it into something better. "If the relationship is a supportive one, and one partner is moving forward into a more fulfilling life," Norton says, "how can this not benefit the marriage?" **2**

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Test Drive

HERE COMES THE SUN

Three hot spots, three new innovative products. **Tara Losinski** protects her skin in style



WHERE Playa Conchal, Costa Rica **WHAT** Shiseido Ultra Sun Protection Lotion SPF 50+ WetForce (100 ml, \$49) **HOW** In another life, I most certainly had gills, so in or near water, preferably the warm and salty kind like that off Playa Conchal, is where you'll find me in this part of the world. For this trip, I slathered on Shiseido's latest lightweight lotion with WetForce.

And while that may sound like a newfangled superhero, it's actually the brand's innovative formula with negative ion minerals that bond with positive ion minerals in water to actually boost UV protection. Sure enough, as I take an après-sea end-of-the-day dip in the resort pool – and a quick swim-by of the bar – the water still seems to be sitting atop the sunscreen “veil” I applied hours earlier. Effectiveness also enhances with exposure to sweat – perfect for the next day's clammy, white-knuckled morning of treetop zip-lining.



WHERE St. Petersburg, Fla. **WHAT** La Roche-Posay Anthelios Mist SPF 50 (200 ml, \$32) **HOW** Lying poolside with my partner, the words of Dr. Sonya Cook echo in my sundrenched head: “It’s an abuse of the product to lie in the sun with sunscreen” as it prevents us from feeling the burn and seeking shade, she explained. Guilty as charged. Cook, the director of Compass Dermatology, was advising journalists in Toronto this past winter during a preview for La Roche-Posay sun care. The French skin-care company has been perfecting its broad-spectrum protection (both UVA and UVB) for decades and, for 2015, customized the line by skin type: Blue (Comfort) for normal to dry skin, Green (Dry Touch) for combination to oily skin and Yellow (Ultra-light) for all skin types. The company also introduced a spray, which, Cook notes, is more effective if it goes on white, as the fine mist does, so you can see spots you miss. It’s also great for guys who, let’s face it, are a little application-adverse. Cook also noted that ears, nose, backs of the hands and the neck are “trouble spots” for men; areas more prone to skin cancer. Recalling this, I lean over and ask my partner, “Angel, did you get your ears?”

WHERE Punta Cana, Dominican Republic **WHAT** Kiehl's Dermatologist Solutions Ultra Light Daily UV Defense Mineral Sunscreen SPF 50 PA+++ (50 ml, \$41) **HOW** Punta Cana-da, as the locals have affectionately coined it, serves as the destination for a multi-gen, multi-family getaway – we've even got in-laws of in-laws on the trip. I'm using Kiehl's new daily moisturizer on my face, neck and chest. Its mineral-based filter makes the SPF perfect for sensitive types including the acne-prone and the chemical-intolerant – and chemical-adverse. And worry not about blocking those sunny rays: an Australian study showed that even daily sunscreen use doesn't prevent us from synthesizing enough vitamin D. The lotion has a light feel and a subtle tint, flattering for all complexions and bestowing that sun-kissed glow – even if you're following dermatologist's orders, basking but in the shade. *Muy bueno!*





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BACK ON BOARD

It's never too late ... after a few (dozen) years break, **Jim Byers** discovers happiness is getting to hang ten again

EACH MORNING, I would scan the ocean from my hotel balcony. And there they were: the surfers, out to catch a wave at glorious Waikiki Beach. I felt envy. I wanted to get out there so much. I felt unease. I was scared to get out there again.

I first came to Hawaii when I was 12. I took to the waves nicely. Surfing, at least at relatively easy Waikiki, became a regular part of my trips to Hawaii. I surfed with my kids on Kauai maybe eight years ago and a couple times on Maui. But it was nothing like Waikiki, where a good ride

can go on for 20 or 30 seconds on long, consistent, rolling, perfect waves.

In Honolulu a few years back, I took a surfing lesson but I didn't like the instructor. I had maybe one decent ride in an hour, scraped my knee and went home dejected. Which was the backdrop to my recent trip, when I was staring down the idea of turning 58 and gazing out at the surfers and thinking about Jimmy Buffett's line where he's "an over-40 victim of fate."

Part of me desperately wanted to get back out there. Part of me told me my surfing days were over. After two

days in Waikiki, I had pretty much talked myself out of another try and was bemoaning the seeming fact that I might never ride again.

Canadian sports psychologist Peter Jensen, who has worked extensively with Canada's top Olympic athletes, told me there's a highly technical term for my indecision. "It's called the chicken shit gene." Jensen said it's natural for someone older to think twice about certain activities. "Part of your brain picks up that you might get injured. It's something you haven't done for a long time and you don't have the balance you used to have. That's simply a fact." Jensen said imagery is the language of performance.

"Once you tell those stories to yourself (about maybe getting hurt), the feelings they generate will keep you off that board."

Back at Waikiki, I met up with a colleague and revealed my crisis of confidence. She recommended a friend who she insisted was an amazing teacher. I looked down at my waistline and thought, Maybe you're not that out of shape. ►

CAN'T GET TO HAWAII? You can learn to surf at a number of places in Canada. Go west with your board, newbie or wannabe surfer. Or go east. Or stay put. All over this land of bountiful lakes, rivers and oceans discover waves for riding and dudes and dudettes to teach you how to catch them. Most also teach the more stable sport of stand-up paddle surfing, using a paddle to propel the board and control movement, great for strengthening your core. Call before lessons for current conditions because Mother Nature is always in charge, and check whether all gear is included. —Judy Gerstel

■ **Point Michaud Beach Provincial Park, Cape Breton Island** **Richmond County Surf School** offers lessons on weekends from July 5 to Aug. 17 and weekdays from July 21 to Aug. 29. 902-345-0741; 902-227-1230

■ **Lawrencetown Beach, N.S.** Located 30 minutes from Halifax, **East Coast Surf School** offers lessons June 15 to Oct. 1. ecsurfschool@gmail.com,

902-449-9488; onlifesurfschool.com, 902-449-9488

■ **Old Port of Montreal Habitat 67** in the St. Lawrence is said to be ideal for beginner and novice surfers. KSF School of River Surfing and Kayaking offers a three-hour introductory course, May 10 to Sept. 19. www.ksf.ca, 514-595-7873

■ **Ashbridge's Bay, Toronto, and other Great Lakes locations** **Surf Ontario's**

Mike Sandusky offers revolving lessons: Ashbridge's Bay near downtown Toronto and Bond Head on Lake Ontario; Grand Bend and Bayfield area on Lake Huron; Wyldewood Beach and Port Stanley on Lake Erie. www.surfontario.ca, 416-906-5793

■ **Kananaskis County, Calgary** Kananaskis River's The Green Tongue is said to be safest for beginners.

RMRS (Rocky Mountain River Surfing) offers lessons year round or through the University of Calgary: Intro River Surfing. www.rockymountainriversurfing.com

■ **Tofino, Vancouver Island, B.C.** The surfing capital of Canada; Chesterman Beach is best for beginners. 250-725-4464; www.surfsister.com, 1-877-724-SURF; www.pacificsurfschool.com, 1-888-777-9961; www.west-side-surf.com, 250-725-2404

PHOTOGRAPHY, JIM JORDAN (SURF BOARDS); HERO IMAGES/GETTY IMAGES (WOMAN SURFING)



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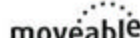
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Zooming **HEALTH**

I started to recreate that feeling of being one with the waves, imagining the salt water and sun on my face. I felt shamed that I had thought of giving up so easily at a relatively young age.

The next morning, Jojo Howard of Go Surfing Hawaii greeted me on the sand of Waikiki. She had a big smile and put me at ease. Out in the water (fairly far out where there are fewer hacks like me and better waves), she gave me tips about getting on and off my board, where to level my gaze and how to spread my feet and get into a baseball hitter's crouch. Howard was a joy. She quickly had me believing I could actually do this again.

I was sitting on my butt a few hundred yards offshore when Howard saw a wave she liked. She gave me a push and yelled, "Paddle, padde, paddle!" I caught the wave, but my feet fell out from under me before I could properly stand up. "Almost had it," she said.

The next try was no better. My legs weren't far enough apart, my gaze wasn't focused on the horizon and I wasn't doing the crouch.

My arms were already feeling the pain. I don't think there's much we city folks do on a regular basis that mimics the way our muscles work when we lie flat on a fairly wide surfboard and reach our arms out and down and paddle like hell. Similarly, the necessity of being prone on a board moving at a fast rate of speed and suddenly (but not too suddenly) clambering to your feet to reach a balanced, crouching position requires the use of stomach, leg and back muscles I don't remember having.

"Surfing provides many physical benefits, particularly core stability and balance," says Amanda Stanec, head of Move Live Learn, LLC in St. Louis, Mo. "These two components of skill-related physical fitness are far too often avoided in day-to-day working out." [Apart from] the strength and endurance attained through the paddling and swimming phases, surf-

ing, Stanec explains, like many action sports, allows participants to tune out daily stressors as surfers are very present in their activity. "Thus, surfing aids emotional health as well as physical health."

Back at Waikiki, I finally managed to pop up and get into position. The sea was spraying my face, and I was feeling the flush of a long-lost excitement for about a 10-second ride.


"Look at you!" Howard yelled.

Another wave. Howard gave me a head-start push, and I started paddling. I remembered the drill. My legs were spread, I was down low and my eyes were on the hotels, not on my knobby knees. I felt the board knifing through the water and felt the warm sun on my face. I felt like I was 12 again, out here without a care in the world. I was exhilarated.

After 8 seconds (purely a guess), I found myself heading toward a group of surfers. A guy in front looked panicked. "I got it," I yelled. I shifted my weight slightly, and the board responded just the way it should. I slid four feet to his left, toward the beach.

"Now you're just showing off!" said Howard. I think she was overstating it. A lot. But I took it in the spirit it was intended and smiled a smile bigger than Pearl Harbor.

I got one more really good ride. I was exhausted. My arms and my upper chest muscles were spent, and it was time for Howard to go. Yes, she helped me choose the waves and gave me a push to get started. But I know a good wave when I see one, and I'm not weak enough that I can't catch one on my own next time. It was an amazing experience that had me re-engaged with a sport I used to love. I felt more confident and perhaps a bit stronger.

An hour later, The Eagles' "Take It Easy" came on the car radio as I cruised past towering palms along Waikiki Beach. The surfers were out in force. I checked my look in the mirror. I was still grinning like an idiot. 

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Fitness

WORKING IT OUT

If your fitness is more rut than routine, restart your body's engine with three new approaches
By Charmaine Gooden

1 GOOD VIBRATIONS

The Workout: Power Plate

The Power Institute (powerinstitute.com) is a Toronto boutique fitness facility training more mature types with amped-up, high-tech, medically certified equipment that works together to accelerate exercise and fat loss results.

Power Plate is a vibrating platform on which cardiovascular and body-weight training exercises are performed to increase strength, muscle tone and the body's ability to excrete fat and toxins – all key to the body aging well, with less injury, risk of falls and healthier cell production. This *is* rocket science, used by Russian cosmonauts in the '60s to prevent muscle and bone loss in

zero gravity. The Power Plate fitness equipment uses an acceleration training method, where a balance platform vibrates 25 to 50 times a second. This sends waves of energy through the body that cause muscle contractions. "What's great about the Power Plate is that it works from the inside out, activating muscle tissue just by physically being on the plate, even without doing dynamic, moving exercises," explains Power Institute co-founder Ron Das.

Shaking It Up It's not a huge effort to stand on the Power Plate. As co-founder and trainer Darryl Bodington hits the start button, a vibration runs up my feet, into my legs, hips and right to the top of my head. The vibration feels very smooth – perhaps a little weird at first – but not unpleasant.

Just as I'm getting used to the sensation, the real 30-minute workout begins with a variety of old-school functional movements like lunges, squats and push-ups using my own body weight – all while balancing on the plate, and my muscles fatigue quickly. Only minutes into the workout, my legs feel like they're about to blow. At the 20-minute mark, I'm drained, which is apparently a good sign. As we wrap up, the machine frequency is set for a deep, relaxing massage that helps tremendously with recovery. After I return for my fifth workout, I notice tone in my thighs and a lower-abs tightness I haven't felt in years.

Encouraging research suggests the low-impact energy waves in acceleration training are particularly

TECH BONUS

High-Speed Massage Endermologie

What It Is Developed in France to treat the skin of burn victims, Lipomassage using the LPG Endermologie (lpgendermologie.ca) machine is a treatment for increasing circulation and lymphatic drainage. It's been approved by Health Canada and the FDA in the U.S. to alleviate muscle soreness, improve local blood and lymphatic circulation as well as relax muscle spasms, relieve muscle tension and increase functional mobility. The deep massage is also

said to help the appearance of cellulite and fatty deposits on the stomach and back because it's thought "to stimulate lipolysis, the breakdown of fats released into the lymphatic system and expelled as waste," says Power Institute co-founder Lissa Hostland. **The Treatment** Slip into a tight body stocking and lie down while Hostland, the treatment specialist, uses a hand-held apparatus with two rollers and a vacuum to lift, knead and massage areas of the body, "encouraging body fluids to be pushed toward the lymph nodes

so they can be moved into the lymphatic system and excreted." The massage itself was a strange sensation, something like a vacuum cleaner with rollers in it. I won't lie to you: it's not pain-free but certainly manageable. After six sessions, I can't say it's a miracle, but my skin does look smoother, less dimpled and feels tighter, like I've been working out a lot. **Tip:** Throughout the process, it is important to drink at least eight glasses of water daily to flush waste from the body while hydrating muscles and other tissues. —CG

beneficial for seniors looking to regenerate muscles, improve balance, increase strength and flexibility, reduce pain, soreness and recover faster. For contraindications, Dr. Paul Dorian, director of the cardiology division at University of Toronto and a cardiologist at St Michael's Hospital, advises people with recent heart failure, surgery or under the recent care of a cardiologist to discuss this first with their physician.

Dorian personally uses the Power Plate and sees a number of benefits. "Strength training by itself contributes to heart health more than we used to think," says Dorian, "and this is a low-impact, safe, gentle approach to strength training after surgery." So after heart surgery, Bob Berman, then 57, turned to the Power Plate to get back into shape. "I had surgery December 2011 and started working out very gently with Darryl on Feb. 1, 2012. By that summer, I was practically back in shape and, in October, I ran a marathon. It's a worthwhile form of exercise that has



Co-founder and trainer Ron Das with client Robert Berman

certainly helped me," says Berman.

There's also evidence that Power Plate training strengthens muscles and this protects the joints and reduces pain, adds Dorian. When Dr. Esther Gelcer, 70-something, discovered she was at risk of developing osteoporosis, "instead of taking medication, I started exercising three times a week with the folks at Power Institute on a regular basis,"

she says. "Three years later, another bone density test was perfectly normal. The doctor said my bones are like a teenager's," adds Gelcer. "Also my arthritic pain has mostly disappeared." *Find a Power Plate facility and certified trainer near you at www.powerplate.com.*

2 (NO) FEAR OF FLYING

The Workout: Aerial Yoga

I've tried many types of yoga. Hatha yoga was my first practice, thanks to *Raquel Welch's Total Beauty and Fitness* video. There was Bikram hot yoga in a room heated to 37 C; I've even tried laughter yoga and, most recently, Kundalini. But hanging airborne from the ceiling, dangling from a rope in a piece of fabric? The thought never crossed my mind until I learned of a new discipline of yoga called aerial yoga, which involves using a hammock of aerial silk – the same type used by Cirque du Soleil – to elevate and support the body as you lean, hang, push, pull and hold yourself in yoga poses. Call me crazy, but it just looked like fun.

"I love aerial yoga because it's anti-aging for the spine, bones and joints," says Angela Caliendo, 49, an aerial yoga instructor with a 50-plus clientele. "During the inversions (going upside down) when you're hanging from your hips, for example, everything is actually decompressing, creating space between the vertebrae. It decompresses tight joints, relieves spinal pressure between the vertebrae and helps lengthen the muscles," explains Caliendo. She says for the aging, aerial yoga leads to improved core strength, flexibility, joint mobility, balance and overall agility which are crucial aspects in the prevention of falls. "It's a form of yoga and Pilates, not circus acrobatics, and you actually use the silk hammock as a prop, just like you would use a strap, blanket or any other prop," adds Caliendo. ►



The inverted hip-hang at Fly Studio Aerial Yoga

Hanging Out To learn about this unique yoga practice, I decided to try the aerial yoga class at Fly Studio (flyqueenwest.com). In a loft-style studio, 10 nylon fabric slings (also called yoga silk or hammocks) are spaced out evenly across the front half of the room. The nylon fabric slings hang from wooden ceiling beams using equipment specific for aerial yoga and other circus acts. The most important thing is learning to trust that the silks will hold your weight. “The equipment has been tested and is regularly serviced to ensure the safety of all our classes,” says Fly Studio instructor Ariel Whittaker-Brown. The yoga silk is hung close enough to the floor so that we can use it to either partially or fully support our body weight.

For the next 60 minutes, Whittaker-Brown leads the class through a practice that combines traditional yoga poses done with the fabric sling. She starts off gently with some stretches and some sway-

ing back and forth on the sling “because it’s really important to warm up slowly.” Next, we start by wrapping the silk across our upper backs and under our arms, then leaning back a bit to stretch the upper back and shoulders.

Soon, Whittaker-Brown has me in positions I would never have thought my body capable of. Standing in front of the silk, we put it under our hipbones and fold forward. With hands and feet on the ground, we do a supported downward dog. She encourages us to walk our hands forward a bit and let our feet come off the ground into a handstand. The last time I did a handstand, I was 10 and had my hair in plaits. There’s a lot of giggling and I keep thinking of the Diana Ross disco hit “Upside Down.” Yet, with the fabric wrapped around my legs acting as a harness to support me, it’s a success. I found that flipping upside down might seem a bit odd but, with expert coaching, it’s really not so scary. In the final

‘inverted pigeon pose’ my legs are entwined in the hammock so I can lean back until I’m upside down, arms hanging free and my head a few inches above the floor. I fold my legs into a diamond shape, soles of my feet touching. It’s very relaxing, and my body’s tensions are melting away. We end with a final *Savasana* resting pose that has everyone lying down in their hammock for at least five minutes, during which time I feel like just going to sleep.

I think aerial yoga is a great supplement to other workouts. As someone who does some resistance training, running and a lot of power walks, I get really tight hamstrings and shoulders and definitely feel I got a deeper stretch with the aerial because I was supported by the hammock. More than anything, it’s just plain fun! Inversions are not recommended for people with severe vertigo, untreated high or low blood pressure, glaucoma, pregnancy, heart conditions or heart surgery.

3 CORE FUSION

The Workout: Surfset

Ever since the original *Hawaii Five-O* TV series, I've been smitten with the surfer girl fantasy. I've loved the glamour of the sport – the bronzed and lithe physiques, the serene sun-kissed vibe, the grace and beauty of the movements – as well as surf-culture's influence on fashion, music and, of course, movies. When I finally gave surfing a try on vacation, I was horrible at it. I'm not a strong swimmer and tend to panic at the thought of cold waves crashing over my head and getting stung by jellyfish. I haven't attempted it since, but the allure of surfing persists. That's why I'm at the studio of Surfset Toronto (surfsettoronto.com), a new indoor surf-inspired fitness class where I can get to practise carving waves in relative safety close to the floor and live out my surfer girl fantasies.

There's been quite a buzz about Surfset since it was a winning business idea on the TV show *Shark Tank* in the fall of 2012. The Toronto classes attract a wide variety of ages and surfing experience. Alexandra Vinichenko, co-owner and instructor whose toned body is great advertisement for the class, introduces us to the RipSurfer X, the board built to mimic the instability of being on water. Three air-filled stability balls prop the board up 11 inches off the ground, while four bungee cords provide stability by controlling how much it teeters. Most of the top of the board is covered with black matting, which is more comfortable on the feet, knees and wrists.

Hanging 10 – On Dry Land The first step in surfing is learning to get your sea legs even while on solid land and standing only a few inches off the floor. Vinichenko asks us to step slowly onto the board, shifting our weight from left to right foot. Am I a natural? Hardly! Immediately, the stability balls roll under the board; I

wobble like crazy and wipe out onto the padded floor. It isn't pretty, but I press on. We practise our surf stance, with feet wide on the board and use our toes and heels to carve the board side to side. To my surprise though, within a few minutes I've adjusted enough to focus on the fun of the workout – without falling off the board.

There's a lot of core work like planks and crunches, as well as squats and push-ups; everything heightened by the added challenge of staying balanced on the board. Wave runners – Surfset's version of mountain climbers – jack up the heart rate so you break a sweat. The hardest moves for staying balanced are when we're stretched out on our backs with feet flat and knees bent; it feels like I'm going to roll right off. When we lift into bridge, I have to hang on. Still, I like the constant effort required to balance on the board and can absolutely feel my core working throughout.

"This next move is challenging, but I'm sure you guys will have fun with it," yells Vinichenko. We're finally ready to do the surf pop-up, a move required to ride a wave. Lying flat on the board, I paddle with my arms and legs like I'm swimming, then push up, hop one leg forward and stand up. It's exactly what you've seen in any surf video, how a surfer gets up on her board. I imagine I'm at the beach, heading out toward a rolling white froth of surf, feeling all Kate Bosworth in *Blue Crush*. For a fleeting but exhilarating moment, I feel like I'm a surfer chick until I fail to catch a wave – meaning I tumble off the board. I get it a few times, almost face-plant once and have a blast throughout. Even though I stood for only a few seconds at a time, the balancing act has my core and quad muscles burning, while my arms ache from the paddling. Surfset is a fun way to add variety to a fitness plan and, by the end of the class, I'm inspired to give the sport another go – outdoors and in. **2**



Striking a pose at Surfset studio

HIGHLAND FLING

OUR LOVE AFFAIR with the United Kingdom and Ireland continues. Last summer, WestJet launched its direct daily seasonal service from St. John's to Dublin; the flight's popularity prompted the airline to relaunch it six weeks earlier this year. Now, Down Easters have another way to get across the pond. WestJet has introduced direct daily service from Halifax to Glasgow. "We wanted to create something unique to celebrate our new service," said Lindsay Robertson, WestJet's lead, creative services. "What could be more Scottish than creating our own company tartan?" And yes, the mad-for-plaid airline commissioned it in its trademark blue and teal colours, which can be seen accentuating the uniforms of flight attendants and decorating the tail of its brand-spanking new Boeing 737-700 series airplanes – another company first. And if you're a fan of the airline but living in Toronto, you can still get on board. The flight originates at Pearson airport and makes the stop for Haligonian travellers at Stanfield International Airport en route. The seasonal service runs until Oct. 24. www.westjet.com —Vivian Vassos



Left to right: WestJet tartan; Glasgow, Scotland

TRAVEL EDITOR'S PICK With airlines getting out their measuring tapes in an effort to clamp down on passengers stuffing the overhead bins with bags beyond regulation size (about 22 inches), finding a functional smaller bag on wheels isn't exactly easy. I'm not talking your standard wheelee suitcase but something even more compact that can still carry a large camera, cosmetics and grooming essentials and a change of clothes (or two!).

Well, I found it. The Maxlite 3 rolling tote is shaped like a briefcase with loads of organizing interior pockets, weighs 5.6 pounds and measures 8 by 15 by 13 inches. Bye-bye back strain, hello overhead bin. *Travelpro Maxlite*, \$315, Hudson's Bay —VV



PHOTOGRAPHY: MAREMAGNUM/PHOTOLIBRAR (GLASGOW); METROLINX (UP EXPRESS)

Up & away

FLY BETWEEN Toronto Pearson Terminal 1 and downtown Union Station on the new Union Pearson Express, the UP for short, running every 15 minutes starting June 6. Enjoy the speedy 25-minute ride, WiFi and comfort but don't pay the full price of \$27.50 a ride (\$23.40 for seniors 65-plus). Get a Presto card online (prestocard.ca) or at transit outlets listed on the website, load it and pay \$19 for the trip (\$16.15 for seniors). Riders can also hop on and off the UP along the rail at Bloor or Westin GO stations with Presto prices of \$15.20 (\$12.90 for seniors) and \$11.40 (\$9.70 for seniors) respectively. And if you land at Terminal 3, you can take the Terminal Link train to Terminal 1 to catch the UP. —Judy Gerstel

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Peru, Land of the Incas

November 2, 2015 • 21 Days

Peru straddles the Andes Mountains, falling on one side to the Pacific and on the other into the Amazon Basin. Historically, Peru was home to the Incas, one of the most advanced races in the Americas, a people who developed amazing construction techniques as well as sophisticated farming and social infrastructures. Our journey will introduce us to the Incas, their homes and cities that virtually covered this land, from the Pacific coast to the heights of Machu Picchu.



China and Yangtze River Cruise

October 6, 2015 • 16 Days

There is a reason why Chinese poets and indeed, poets worldwide, have written extensively about the magical landscapes and timeless traditions to be discovered along the Yangtze Gorges. Simply put, each turn in the river is one majestic view after another! All along the way, history and modernity mix with charming ancient water towns, imperial gardens, and ancient capitals contrasting with the skyscrapers and thriving commerce of Shanghai. Truly...a destination must on everyone's bucket list!



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Lost & Found

In the middle of nowhere, **Jim Byers** discovers that Quebec's island idyll is somewhere he wants to be

M

Y PLANE IS skimming over a bay of slate green water, with a perfect red and white lighthouse perched on a craggy coastline. I haven't even arrived at Îles-de-la-Madeleine, the small set of islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence known locally as the Maggies, but I'm already entranced. And surprised. I'm not taken aback by a lighthouse. But the water looks positively tropical. And I wasn't expecting steep, crumbling red cliffs.

It's a pattern that would continue over the next four days. Every time I turn around, I find myself taken aback by big and little things in this magical setting. The houses are glorious colours you might find in the super-deluxe box from Crayola; deep purples and brilliant aquamarines and sunny yellows.

The hotels, mostly small family-run places, are personal and delightful. One B&B is fashioned out of an old schoolhouse and feels like a de-

signer French-Caribbean boutique hotel. And the people are gloriously friendly and helpful to an Anglo-speaker from the Big Smoke.

My first drive is an hour-long meander that takes me from the tiny airport to the tip of Grande Entrée. The islands are a long, skinny archipelago strung together in a bit of a C shape. You might not see a building for 10 or even 15 minutes at a time – just dunes and endless green spikes of grass and blue sky and white cloud. I pass a few cyclists and a couple windsurfers plying the islands' omnipresent breezes.

I pass some small homes near a beautiful beach on Pointe de l'Est that goes on for miles with nary a soul to be seen. There's a beat-up, weathered boat called *Purple Rain* parked in front of a beat-up weathered beach shack. For some reason, there's a Confederate flag flying from the boat. My tour guide the next morning, the delightful

Guillaume Frappier-Richard, tells me he has no idea what it's about. I could perhaps find out but I like the idea of it being a mystery so I let it go.

I have a lovely dinner at Auberge la Salicorne, a surprising fish soup with coconut milk and barbecued shrimp served just spicy enough to be interesting. The next morning as I get up for breakfast, I hear a woman's voice carrying a soft, bewitching melody from the kitchen as I sip my coffee.

A few minutes later, I'm down near the end of the island. Soft wind and gentle waves are lapping against the red rock coastline, while black and yellow butterflies flutter over waves of deep green grass. A stunning, brilliant orange home sits on a small hill overlooking the bay. Someone has taken a lawn mower and cut the grass into the form of a deep green heart.

If I'm not already in love with this place, I am now.

I take a morning hike with Frappier-

Richard, who explains how the colourful houses were formerly used as reference points for fishermen to find their way home in the fog but are now an important part of the islands' heritage, fussed over and painted and repainted again and again.

We walk along lonely beaches and stop to taste local herbs that grow wild on the rocky soil of these isolated islands. We pass rocks and shells with small holes drilled by tiny sea creatures. Frappier-Richard finds magic and wonder in everything he sees: the rocks, the stunted trees, the ocean waves. His enthusiasm is contagious.

At the nearby lobster docks, fishermen bring in their catch. Deep orange-brown lobsters with bands around their claws are being dropped into plastic bins. A group of women is sitting on a bench, talking and laughing and smoking and chatting in a fast-paced mixture of English and French as the men take care of the catch. The men bring up their bins and the ladies take turns loading them into trucks. These are hard-working women who do more than their share of the dirty jobs. I watch the fishermen for a while longer. One woman looks at me and laughs, "They're just showing off."

I'm clicking away on my camera when I hear one of the fishermen call out. I peek around the corner to see him holding a massive lobster, which he insists I pose with.

Maybe he knew I was "from away." Maybe it's just their nature. But I find myself, not for the last time, deeply appreciative of these island people and their "think-nothing-of-it" hospitality.

The Îles-de-la-Madeleine themselves appear almost fragile, barely poking above the surface of the surrounding sea. The people are anything but. They live in a tiny part of a vast province, on a tiny set of islands in a vast body of cold water. When the seas are rough, shipping and lobster

fishing and other necessities of life can be tricky. When the fog rolls in, flights from the mainland are nothing more than a rumour.

"We're here by choice, most of us," says Danielle Houde from the local tourism board. "The islands are hard to find, it's expensive and we're often away from our families. So people here really love it."

There's a wonderful sense of co-operation, I think, when people live on islands. At Fromagerie du Pied-de-Vent ("feet of the wind"), they use local beer from À l'abri de la Tempête ("shelter from the storm") to brush some of their cheese wheels. At the brewery, they take the spent grains from the beer-making process and ship it to farmers, where they're fed to local livestock. At a shop and cooking school called Gourmande de Nature, Sandra Lopez tells me they had leftover cranberries one time so they shipped them to the brewery for a special batch of cranberry beer.

On the southerly island of Havre-Aubert, I duck into Café de la Grave for good chowder in a deep bread bowl. The owners have taken old wooden chairs in beat-up shades of blue, red and yellow and jammed them into an old-timey place with old books and knick-knacks. It's utterly charming, and I'm told locals sometimes come in and play the piano and guitars at night in impromptu jams.


I wander into the Musée de la Mer and read the story of a man named Auguste Le Bourdais, the only survivor of a famous shipwreck in local waters in 1871. He had parts of his legs amputated twice but still managed the local telegraph office. I also read a great story about how folks were fed up with the lack of proper telegraph service after the cable broke back in 1910. They bunched their mail into a wooden barrel and attached a small sail and rudder to it. It ultimately landed on the shores of Cape Breton and caused a big stir,

forcing an embarrassed government to install a proper telegraph system.

But remote doesn't mean that the modern comforts are missing. I rest my head in several very fashionable B&Bs during my stay. At La Butte Ronde, they've taken an old schoolhouse and turned the main room into a veritable greenhouse with gorgeous furnishings and a brilliantly polished piano. On Île du Havre Aubert, I admire the stylish local art on the walls and take in a lovely seafood meal at Auberge Havre-sur-Mer. I fit in a long walk along a deserted beach just outside its back door and later steam away my woes in the indoor hot tub.

The beach at Cap Alright is a drive past green fields with waving grass and colourful homes. Suddenly, I'm confronted with a small, faded red and white lighthouse on a towering cliff of red stone. I stand in the deep grass near the lighthouse and watch bright blue and white and orange lobster boats sailing back home with their catch.

I find a lonely beach. The sun is out, and the famous winds are hiding. I take a small, grey stone worn flat by centuries of waves and send it skipping across the glassy surface, sliding toward a massive outcropping of red rock under a soft blue sky.

I've been to a lot of places that burn up my camera's memory cards. These islands and these people left an imprint on my soul. 

IF YOU GO

■ **Arriving** Air Canada Express flies from Montreal, Quebec City and Gaspé. You can also take a five-hour ferry ride from Souris, P.E.I. CTMA Cruises (www.croisieresctma.ca/en/) offers a one-week cruise from Montreal, with food from the islands and entertainment along the way.

■ **Touring** For more information, go to www.tourismeilesdelamadeleine.com.

BACK TO THE LAND

In southern B.C., there's a place where experience comes from the ground up Text and photographs by Vivian Vassos



OSOYOOS? OKANAGAN? Oh, and how do you pronounce that again? If you're not familiar with this pocket of B.C., about a two-hour drive from Kelowna, you might appreciate a bit of a vetted – okay, curated, let's say – wine-tasting, foodie-filled, great outdoors experience, all packed into less than a week. In the case of Osoyoos, in the Okanagan Valley, I discovered a one-stop shop: the Watermark Beach Resort. It's also built for longer stays – great for snowbirds who may not always want to go south – with light-filled suites that feature apartment-sized square footage, living rooms and kitchens and communal amenities such as a good gym and an even better pool, where you can breathe in the valley air and take in the lakeside views. The resort has smartly partnered with a few of

the region's forward-thinkers – when it comes to wine, food and fun in this, Canada's only desert.


Forage with a Farmer

I'm a bit of a keener on food provenance: I like to know where it comes from. But actually getting into the field and picking it? Why not? Lucky for foodies, the brains at Watermark have developed a Canadian signature experience with Covert Farms. Spend an hour with farmer Gene Covert. Pick your own organic produce – we plucked juicy red strawberries right off the vine for our dessert – take a ride on the farm's 1952 Mercury truck, adding to the nostalgic appeal, through the vineyards and to meet some of the farm's animal citizens and end up back at the ranch, so to speak, with a wine and nibbles pairing. That's just the appetizer, though, as the finale is wine and a farm-fresh menu duo, taken al fresco back at Watermark's patio. Satisfy my locavorism? Check.

Cook with a Chef

He may be raised an Albertan, but chef Chris Van Hooydonk is fully entrenched in the Okanagan, where he's lived since he was 16. After culinary school – and stints at the Four Seasons in Boston and restos in Whistler, Kelowna and right here in the south Okanagan – Van Hooydonk opened Backyard Farm Chef's Table, his own cooking school at his orchard, where he can harvest his fruits and veggies and then bottle them up under his Backyard Farm preserves label. "It's an Old-World approach to food – no real recipes, more about the ingredients we use," he says. "Food to me should be approachable, whether you like cooking or not." He has 60 fruit trees in the orchard and he's inspired by the grassroots of the farming history of his property. Fortunately, his wife's passion is growing and gardening. "A chef's passion," he adds, "is cooking and eating!" During our four-hour culinary experience, Van

Hooydonk encourages hands-on participation while fostering interest in the outcome of a cooking class – the meal – but also, the ingredients before the cooking begins. “Where’s this food coming from? Where are the chickens, the rhubarb, the asparagus from?” It’s all in season, he says, and he can tailor what you want to learn about before you arrive. And nothing’s perfect. “It’s okay to make mistakes when you cook,” Van Hooydonk advises. “It’s all part of the experience.” And so is the pairing of some stellar Okanagan Valley wines.

And that’s the beauty of the Okanagan Valley region, and Osoyoos in particular. Grapes grow alongside desert-like dunes; low-lying golf course greens huddle between mountain peaks; winemakers and athletic types, chefs and farmers, retirees and up-and-comers, natives and new to the valley. All living in harmony? Check. 

IF YOU GO

For more info, go to www.watermarkbeachresort.com, www.covertfarms.ca, www.artisanculinaryconcepts.com and www.HelloBC.com.



1 Chef Chris Van Hooydonk in his kitchen at Artisan Culinary Concepts **2** Lunch by Joy Road Catering at Black Hills Winery **3** Covert Farms’ charcuterie **4** Farmer Gene and friends at Covert Farms **5** The view at La Stella Winery **6** Casks at Hester Creek



LOCAL LORE There’s a story about Hester Creek in Oliver, B.C., south Okanagan, locals tell: John Carmichael Haynes was an Irish-born constable and, after his arrival in Canada in 1858, he made his way to the Okanagan Valley. He was a rancher, judge and public servant; his reputation was one of utter disdain for lawlessness – a strong arm of the law. He was a hanging judge, you see. But his daughter, she was a gentle soul. She was named Hester, and she had a great love of water, of fish and of swimming every chance she could get. The creek that rambled through her father’s property still bears her name, christened as such by Haynes when he first purchased the land in this part of B.C. wine country.

Hester Creek (hestercreek.com) is also the name of the winery that occupies much of the estate, its label sports a girl catching the tail of a dolphin – an homage. Another is to her father, the vineyard’s The Judge, a smoky, leathery blend of Cabernet Franc, Cabernet Sauvignon and Merlot. The soil is good for grapes here, made better by Ice Age deposits that are unique to the property. Perhaps the Ice Age couldn’t inch itself any farther: because of the topography, the soil differs just across the road. –VV

For more of the author’s visit, go to www.everythingzoomer.com/south-okanagan-sojourn.

Newfoundland, Revisited

One man's return to
The Rock Text and
photographs
by Dick Snyder



THOUGH I GREW UP in Newfoundland, I'm careful to point out that I wasn't born there. I would never refer to myself as a Newfoundlander. That would be presumptuous and sufficient grounds for a sock to the jaw in some circumstances – say, after hours at The Ship Pub when the doors are locked, the beer's flowing and the fiddles are cranked.

Nevertheless, when I tell people I grew up in Newfoundland, they will, of course, assume I was born there. They all say the same thing after that: "Oh, I'd love to visit Newfoundland." Yes, I reply with all sincerity, of course you would. It's the best place on earth.

I can say that now with full confidence, after taking my family back "home" for a summer vacation last year. Yet, as a precocious nine-year-old transplanted to St. John's from Montreal in 1975, I felt I'd been sent to a backwater. Dad was an engineer,

and we moved there for his job, to work on a new research facility studying ocean resources. But this was possibly the height of Newfoundland's "have-not" status, the lowest economic ebb for the province in the federation. To me, the place seemed bleak.


It had no NHL hockey team. No smoked meat sandwiches. No subway system. Instead, endless fiddle music, bad television and a radio broadcast dedicated to the minutiae of coastal weather patterns. "For Pouch Cove, fog. For St. John's, rain changing to drizzle overnight. For the rest of the Avalon Peninsula, rain, drizzle and fog. And more fog, possibly heavy, with some extra fog on the side, turning to thick, unbelievably soupy fog by morning."

I remember enduring – no joke – a full 40 days and 40 nights of rain. Biblical, yes. Fun? No. But it does explain how Newfoundlanders have developed such a great sense of humour and fondness for "a wee swally." You need it to survive.

As a surly adolescent, I felt there was nothing to do. Ma, I'm bored of fishing for trout in the stream across the street from our home in the middle of the city. Ma, how come Woolworth's doesn't carry skateboards? Ma, do we really have to spend summer vacation on our sailboat touring unbelievably picturesque fishing villages, seeing whales up close and eating fresh fish, lobster, crab and mussels every night? I happened to be in the best place on earth but didn't know it yet.

As a teenager, I couldn't wait to leave for the big city and plotted my escape to university. My friends and I congregated in Montreal and Toronto, where, years later, I live now, for post-hippie liberal arts indulgences. But all we ever talked about was going back "home" for Christmas, summer break and any other excuse we could come up with. Summers were the best, and then we'd go back to school – and there would be tears.

My family and I spent much of last summer's vacation covering the same



ground I did as a boy. The only disappointment was the weather. It'll be cold and rainy, I said, so bring sweaters and jackets. It rained twice: the day we got there and the day we left. The fog-horn that used to bray across St. John's most nights – I'd lie in my childhood bed and count the 20 seconds between blasts – did not sound even once. I was sad not to hear it again.

The first stop on our tour, straight off the plane, was The Duke of Duckworth, generally regarded as the best fish and chips in St. John's. However, this is a contentious claim – and you could ask six people and get six different answers, detailing the variations in batter, gravy, fries and dressing (literally, Thanksgiving turkey-style dressing) at other locally famous spots like Ches's, Leo's and Scamper's.

The Duke can be romanticized in many ways, not least as the place where I spent many a long evening with my buddies over too many pints of Smithwick's. It was – and still is – a British-style pub where you always run into someone you know. Scenes from the hit TV show *Republic of Doyle* were shot there, but they've since built a replica of the room on a soundstage because regulars got antsy when their pub was closed. The place looks as it did 30 years ago, as does The Ship Pub (formerly The Ship Inn), the city's most mythologized pub, just down the street. It was the hangout of the original CODCO comedy troupe and remains the best place to see authentic traditional and folk music.

St. John's, the capital, is just how I remember, though it has cleaned up a bit. Newfoundland is now quite a formidable "have" province, since 2010 tabling healthy multimillion-dollar budget surpluses. The money that oil and mining has brought in over the last decade or so has paved pristine roads enjoyed by pristine luxury rides.

For our stay in St. John's, we rented a house nestled in the rocky cliffs

along The Narrows, as the entrance-way to the harbour is called for obvious reasons. My high school buddy used to live along there, in a warren of houses lining a thin strip of Battery Road. It was an unfashionable neighbourhood then, but now it's the place to be, perched at the edge of the formidable North Atlantic yet a 10-minute walk to the centre of town.

From the Battery, it's a 90-minute trek (or so) on the famous North Head Trail leading up Signal Hill to Cabot Tower, a monument to explorer John Cabot with a panoramic view of ocean and city. The first wireless trans-Atlantic message was received here by Marconi in 1901. I used to walk our Newfoundland dog here, and she'd cut the quintessential profile of an ocean rescue dog, smiling and panting into the onshore winds as they buffeted the cliffs. The dog took care of herself, but we almost lost one child to the heavy gusts of wind on this particular hike.

We walked a lot in St. John's. It's just what you do, up and down 45-degree grades, my favourite being the tiniest of streets called Hill O'Chips. Duckworth and Water Streets are the main drags – quaint crafts shops mix with a new wave of global cuisine diners and eateries. Rocket Bakery & Fresh Food, opened four years ago by two Toronto ex-pats along with a local entrepreneur, positively hops with impromptu folk music jam sessions and customers clamouring for sensational home-made food. We had no such thing back when I was a lad.

It's always been all about the fish in Newfoundland. And by fish, they mean cod. We learned that fast when we moved there, a family of CFAs, or Come From Aways, barely accustomed to eating fresh

fish. We'd go to the wharf at Quidi Vidi, a tiny fishing village a few minutes from our house, and buy fresh cod and lobsters from the fishermen.

Quidi Vidi is now a hopping little hamlet. There's a brewery that throws raucous "kitchen" parties with a folk band that gets louder and better with every pint. The food comes from next door's Mallard Cottage, run by one of a new wave of worldly chefs set on celebrating and evolving local cuisine. Here we met up with Capt. Frank Janes, a retired trucker with a salty tongue who took us for a spin in his fishing boat. The kids jigged for cod – we were lucky to time our visit during a short period in summer when fishing restrictions are dropped. Capt. Janes swore about the fishing moratorium and the government, and we rolled around in the ocean swell for a glorious afternoon. Back on shore, Capt. Janes did the filleting, with a couple more beers at hand, and we took our fish home for a fry.

The ocean represents a mythical yet very physical presence in St. John's and, indeed, every community on the island, given that the vast majority of villages, towns and cities hug the rugged coastline. My dad bought a big wooden sailboat when I was 11, and we set out to explore the island's rugged beauty. Summer vacations meant sailing around, somewhat aimlessly, popping in at fishing ►



The author's children, Stella and Harry, at Fort Point, Trinity Harbour. Opposite: The author's wife, Trish Kaliciak, at Cape Bonavista Lighthouse on the tip of the Bonavista Peninsula

villages, some abandoned during the resettlement program intended to incentivize citizens of poorer communities to migrate to the larger towns. We have a photograph of one such village hanging on my wall at home in Toronto, a crumbling church sinking into an overgrown field.

OUR SAILING TOURS were epic adventures, apart from the near-death experiences. We hit more than one rock on more than one occasion, lost the engine in thick fog and ran out of food as an ocean storm forced us ashore. With the larder empty, my dad asked some fishermen docked alongside us if he could buy some crab. No, they said. But they gave us all we could eat for free. They were licensed for fish and couldn't accept cash for crab.

Most summers, we'd sail to Trinity, an old fishing and whaling settlement about a three-hour drive from St. John's. We have an etching of the village by the French artist Jean Claude Roy hanging in our living room, and I was excited to show the kids the real thing. The tiny town has achieved some fame as the set for Hollywood movie *The Shipping News* with Kevin Spacey and Julianne Moore. I spent a few weeks there as a 16-year-old, deck-handing and living on our sailboat, running tourists out to see the whales. This was back before the term "eco-tourism."

Trinity, which was added to the Canadian Register of Historic Places in 2008, has a progressive mayor who sees the potential in historical tourism. There's summer theatre, a few snack shops and tea rooms and some wonderfully curated museums. The Heritage Foundation of Newfoundland designated several buildings in Trinity as historic sites between 1978 and 1983, which attracted money needed to preserve and restore the attractions,

and yet it's still a sleepy little village even when all the rooms in town are booked up. Tineke Gow runs the Artisan Inn here, and she manages a half-dozen quaint cottages and properties, each brimming with character and featuring spectacular views.

I'm biased, of course. Our time in Trinity created a whole raft of new memories, watching my kids do the same things I used to do. Like combing the beach outside our cottage for crab heads, dried-up starfish, mussel shells and other sea detritus that now occupy a shoe box in my daughter's bedroom. We spent a day on the water with the folks from Sea of Whales Adventures, getting up close with humpbacks and dolphins in a spiffed-up pontoon boat that put us on the surface of the water next to 10-metre beasts. The kids beamed, and the whales waved their massive dorsals, and we went home tired, wet and happy.


If anything's changed in Newfoundland over the past decade or two, it's the sophistication of its restaurants and hotels, its eateries and inns. I chalk it up to the young guns who've travelled the world to learn and then returned to amp things up. (Back in my day, no one ever returned.) Nowhere is this more apparent than in Upper Amherst Cove, a town with pretty much nothing to offer visitors except one of the province's best restaurants, Bonavista Social Club, open spring through fall. Katie Hayes is the force here, and she wields a mean brick oven imported from France. Her woodworking dad built the place, and her husband, Shane, works the floor. It's here that I had the best fresh-from-the-garden salad of my life, a top-notch pizza and a terrific moose burger, the animal hunted the previous fall by her brother.

We toured the tiny village of Elliston, the "root cellar capital of the world," which I'd never visited be-

fore. We went for the puffins. There's a massive rock where a colony resides, and you can walk to the edge and observe the birds over a 25-metre crevice. Incredibly, the birds started to land around us. Some of them walked up within an arm's reach of our kids, which set tourists' cameras clicking and elicited some odd comments. "Your kids are too close to the birds," we were told. "The birds keep chasing them," I answered. It was magical to see so many puffins up close. They aren't so elegant in flight, kind of like an eggplant with wings. But up close, they are regal and cute as hell.

Some of our favourite moments weren't even planned. Pretty much all you need to do to have a good time in Newfoundland is stop the car and walk a beach, woods or town. We discovered Salmon Cove, a grey-sand beach with a warm-water stream, and the kids splashed for hours. We wandered the town of Brigus, where explorer Capt. Bob Bartlett lived, and made a mini-aquarium of tiny starfish, sea urchins and snails. We had lunch in the town of Dildo, mostly for the photo ops, and then stumbled into a dockside community festival.

It may be a cliché, but what sticks with me the most is the legendary hospitality of the Newfoundlanders. When our plans changed suddenly and we were stranded with no place to stay, we rang Tineke Gow in Trinity. In minutes, she located a house on the water and got us set up right. Stress be gone, we drank a glass of wine and watched the boats roll in at dusk. I thanked her profusely. "It's what we do," she said with a shrug.

Well, it's no cliché. Newfoundlanders really are as warm and caring and proud as everyone says. They have much to be proud about, too. I live in Toronto now but I always think of Newfoundland as home. And I think of Newfoundland always. That's the way it is for a lot of us ex-pats. Always leaving, always coming back. 

The ancient fishing village of
Quidi Vidi, near St. John's,
where we used to buy lobster



A pair of traditional
"ugly sticks," mandatory
for kitchen parties



The regal puffins
of Elliston



The historic fishing town
of Brigus, home of explorer
Capt. Bob Bartlett



The harbour at Dildo,
also famous for its fish



A colourful shed
in Quidi Vidi

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—John Kabat-Zinn



Fly boys



When they couldn't find First World War fighter planes to fly, they built them **Photography John Hryniuk**

Those magnificent men and (one of) their flying machines, an S.E.5a. Left to right: Wally Homersham, 74, Bob Colamatto, 70, Gord Merrifield, 81, Earl Smith, 62, and Dan Meakin, 69

Jerry Fotheringham's headset is a concession to safety - early war-planes had no radios. They also landed into the wind, on grass, so had no tailwheels - or brakes - *de rigueur* on modern versions.



JUST 11 YEARS after the Wright brothers' first barely off-the-ground powered flight at Kitty Hawk, N.C. in 1903, air power became an integral part of warfare. This leap in aviation technology fascinates members at the Great War Flying Museum (GWFM) located at the Brampton Airport, northwest of Toronto. Most, like Jerry Fotheringham, 85, have flying experience. The former military, bush and commercial aircraft pilot learned to fly in 1948 in a Tiger Moth, a biplane from the 1930s and '40s. "You can make these airplanes perform. They're interesting to fly, but they are all different and have to be respected," he says.

Fired by a common love of aviation and admiration for those long-ago pilots, members have built and fly five full-size combat aircraft like those used during the First World War – the Great War ("the war to end all wars") – and are working on two more. The club's first airplane, a smaller-scale S.E.5 replica bought in 1971, is often used to accustom new pilots to their flying characteristics. Retired Air Canada engineers maintain the warbirds, which perform in mock dogfights at airshows. Weather permitting, they'll be flying on June 20, when the 45-year-old organization hosts Goggles and Great Times, a fundraising hangar party. (New members are entitled to one ride in the only two-seater, a Sopwith 1-½ Strutter.) Proceeds support the GWFM's programs saluting the First World War centenary, which ends in 2018. It's a chance to enjoy a barbecue, live big band music, a silent auction and a browse through the freshly renovated artifact museum. —Jayne MacAulay

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greatwarflyingmuseum.org



The S.E.5a bears the colours of Billy Bishop, Canada's top flying ace of the Great War, with 72 victories.



On the ground, the tail is low, the view blocked by the cockpit. Pilots see ahead by taxiing in an S pattern, looking out one side then the other.



Fotheringham, 85, and Zorro with a near-replica Royal Aircraft Factory S.E.5a. Such airplanes flew at Vimy Ridge in April 1917, so the Great War Flying Museum plans to fly this aircraft in France in 2017 during ceremonies at the Vimy Memorial marking the 100th anniversary of the battle.





Finding meaning in
the back stretch
of boomerland
By Dan Hill

Cadences



Daniel G. Hill
circa 1960

FATHER'S DAY 2015 will mark 12 years since my dad died. And what have I learned since his death? How temporary life is. How quickly it's gone. How life can turn from beautiful and wondrous, ravenous and libidinous to ugly and undignified.

But despite the years that have separated Dad and me, I feel him with me more than ever, shimmering just beneath my skin. I carry his life in the river of lines that crisscross my palms like territorial markings. And when I look into my four-year-old grandson's magnificent face, there it is, like magic: the grinning, mugging ghost of my father. His grandly outsized personality – “Make room, clear the way, pay attention or suffer the consequences.” That dramatic timing, too: how my grandson, Daniel, rearing back his tiny arm to hit me, flops to the floor as if broken when I bark “No.” But a sense of sweetness and wonder abound in my grandson, too – and generosity. He offers me one of his prized blueberries like it's a rare jewel, opening his mouth wide as if to coax me into doing the same. I loudly gobble it up like some kind of cookie-cum-blueberry monster, and he beams. Dad was the only other person who demanded I try samples of his food, and no one

loved food more than my father.

Over the thousands of times I've thought of my dad or dreamed about him, my thoughts always start with the same question: what was he doing when he was my age? I thought death was supposed to put a stop to the incessant father-son sabre-rattling. Or am I simply measuring time through the overlapping trajectories of our lives, using the markers of his life as motivation to make my own count?

If you're an aging boomer, death starts creeping into and then crashing through the margins of your life. Funerals, wakes and shivas eat up more of your calendar than weddings, christenings and birthday parties. These days, very few people of my generation admit to their birthdays, let alone celebrate them. Instead, we reserve the big whoop-de-do for crossing into a new decade: 40th, 50th, 60th ... But something about these milestone parties leaves me spooked. In our early 20s, parties were the fastest route to getting laid; in our 30s, married with young families, parties represented the one occasion for sanctioned, unabashed flirt-a-thons, sometimes backslashing into heated arguments upon returning home, concluding with makeup sex. Alas, now our parties consist of comparing medical files:

whether to take or eschew statins, the pluses and minuses of back surgery, hip and knee replacements, the rising spectre of arthritis, gluten and dairy intolerance, acid reflux, diverticulitis. Who among us even gave such health problems a thought 10 years ago? When the conversation invariably turns to purchasing burial plots, I'm bolting for the door.

It can be so f***ing lonely getting older. Death looms everywhere, taking out friends, colleagues and family indiscriminately – sometimes suddenly and sometimes slowly and sadistically. Strokes. Brain cancer. Heart attacks. Aneurysms. It's endless, this procession of loss. How do we cope, a part of us disappearing with every death, diminishing invisibly with every day that our own end draws closer? Lifting oneself out of dark rumination and helping other people just might be the key.

Beneath the surface, most of us stay locked in perpetual adolescence, shocked when people refer to us as “sir” while deferentially offering their seats on the bus. What is it about my “ancient bearing” that makes them think I'm one misstep from tumbling into a senescent heap on the floor? It

makes me miss the days when U.S. custom agents regarded me as some renegade drug runner, their first question being “When was the last time you were in jail?” Now, it’s “Are you a retired professor?” Still, I’m convinced that it’s the people around me who’ve changed, not me. That is, until a glance into my bathroom mirror leaves me reeling: the ghost of my father stares back at me, jolts me with the realization that he’s gone.

AT THE START of the 20th century, the average life expectancy of a Canadian male was less than 60 years. In other words, we worked until we keeled over, the notion of contentment as foreign as calorie-counting. Now, life expectancy has increased by almost 20 years, and with it our relative comfort. But as the world around us continues to speed up, we gradually slow down, and a rising sense of purposelessness, “the affordability of unhappiness,” creeps in. And so, if periods of deep and understandable sadness are unavoidable, the question remains: what do we do with this sadness, and can we work our way through it somehow? I had to go halfway across the world to shake up every fibre of my being. Yes, it was reckless. Yes, it was memorable. Yes, it was worth it.

*February 2012,
Cagayan de Oro, Philippines*

“DAN, GET BACK in the f***ing van. We’re in the middle of f***ing nowhere. Do you know how many diseases are lurking in that swamp water?”

Ignoring the pleas from my road manager, I keep at my work – planting the seedlings for mangrove trees. My knees sink half a foot into the sand till I’m thigh deep in this monsoon-flooded bay in Cagayan de Oro, doing my best not to topple over. The brackish water is so mired with filth I can’t see my hands toiling beneath the rip-

pling surface. Flanked by the city’s mayor on my left and an official from the environment ministry on my right, I am one of the first Westerners to visit this area since the disaster that was typhoon Sendong, which hit just before Christmas 2011. I doubt my planting will yield the hoped-for results. Still, rituals, offerings of support, even executed in my humble and clumsy manner, count for a lot in the Philippines, so I focus on the positive, blocking out the stinking piles of bulldozed detritus and the pools of filthy water breeding mosquitoes that carry dengue fever. (In the nine months that followed this disaster, more than 95,000 cases of dengue were reported across the Philippines.)

Even amid this calamity, I feel strangely immune to death. I already was supposed to have died. It’s been two months since my cancerous prostate was surgically removed, approximately the same length of time it’s been since a mountain-sized flood crashed down these hills in the dead of night, sweeping hundreds of doomed people into this very bay. I survived cancer because of the kindness and devotion of others. Now, it’s my turn to give back.

Dotting the shoreline are several armed escorts bearing M16s. It’s heartening to know that our protection from killer mosquitoes and sewage- and corpse-related disease is a spray of bullets. Behind the armed guards, crowds of shoeless children gather, dressed in ragged T-shirts and shorts. Suddenly I hear *phtt, phtt, phtt*. Imagining guns jamming, I glance back, blinded by the sun reflecting off hundreds of children’s photomatic cellphones.

“Come on, Dan. I gotta get you to your soundcheck before you die out here.”

Scrambling out of the water toward the van, I am whisked away, flanked by enough armed guards to start an insurrection. (Kidnapping is big

business in the Philippines.) The van swings down a washed-out dirt lane, bordered on either side by corrugated tin shacks and tall cinder-block walls. As the van slows to turn, I pick out two small children standing mutely, side by side, hands outstretched for money or food. Still as death, their ghostly figures are momentarily caught in the glare of our headlights, swirling dust and foul air.

“Keep your windows rolled up and your hands in the vehicle,” one of the guards states tersely. An open window means one less barrier, leaving you with the full onslaught of sounds, odours, heat – the bustle of life. An open window means the possibility of clutching, thieving fingers, an arm, a knife. But I don’t want to be sealed off, with the air conditioner on high and Rihanna’s come-hither whining in the background. Despite the stench of rotting fish and the acrid smoke from homemade fires, mingling with the heat and overflowing garbage, the frenetic vibration of life is undeniable. Families collecting wood, trailed by chattering children lost in their own invented play. No Facebook or video games here, just sticks and rocks and cans.

YESTERDAY WAS VALENTINE’S

Day, and my concert in Manila was a sellout. In the Philippines, romance and love songs are treasured with a borderline spiritual zeal. Life in this part of the world is often so short and suffused with disaster that people love, and love hard, while they can.

Now I’m on the top floor of a cancer clinic in Davao City. There, 150 cancer survivors fill a big, sparsely furnished room, along with a handful of doctors and supervisors. An 80-year-old cancer survivor tells me that women make fun of him for no longer having his prostate: “They told me I wasn’t a man anymore because I could not father a child.” A woman says she went through a ►

similar loss of identity after enduring a double mastectomy. A dozen other patients share their stories, going on to ask me how I've coped.

"By being here, with you," I answer.

This is one of many pluses that come with growing older: freed from the shackles of callow pop stardom, my tour performances in Asia are almost an afterthought. Rather, it's the unforeseen human journey, the random person-to-person connections I tumble into as a byproduct of my travels that resonate now.

LATER THAT NIGHT, half-read magazines strewn across my bed, I can't shake the image of the 80-year-old cancer survivor. I'm convinced I've become that 80-year-old man. Dipping in and out of the shallowest sleep, something about the man's sad story overlaps with the memory of Dad's final years. I have the uneasy feeling that the three of us share something in common.

Stopping myself mid-free fall, I concentrate on the lulling white noise of my newly purchased fan. It reminds me of one that Dad purchased for his bedroom shortly after I'd left home. He never ceased bragging about how much money he'd saved, how inexpensive fans were, compared to air conditioning. All those clichés our parents spewed about saving for a rainy day. We smug boomers swore our parents were victims of the Great Depression, wrongly projecting their postwar experiences onto their children. Guess what? They were bang on.

Hanging onto your last years of life is more costly than even my father would have predicted. A decent seniors residence with reliable care can easily run beyond \$6,000 a month. According to a study by the Bank of Montreal, a typical boomer feels he or she need \$658,000 to comfortably retire. But most have saved only slightly more than \$200,000. As well, ever-growing life expectancy means

the percentage of years spent in retirement has gone from 36 per cent in 1980 to 53 per cent today.

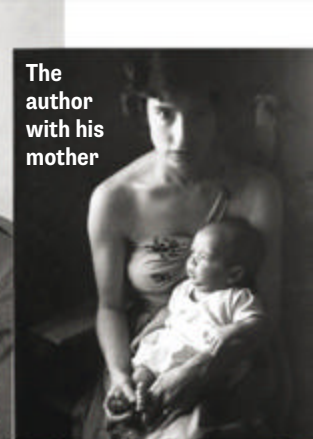
A wanton spender in my youth, I marked my territory by dropping copious wads of cash everywhere I went. Not anymore. I've become as much of a skinflint as my father, lecturing to my son, as my dad did to me, about the dangers of conspicuous consumption. We all long to be unique, authentic, separate selves, but the truth is that more and more, my personality reflects my dad's – the grinding work ethic, the vanity, stubbornness, pride, quickness to judge others, the ability to charm and influence others to take my point of view. Physically, too, we could have been twins separated by a generation – right down to the diabetes we shared. As I fly from Manila to Canada, crashing through 15 time zones in as many hours, I recall my dad's complaints about managing his careening blood sugars while travelling, as I juggle the levels of insulin I inject.

WHEN MY FATHER was 60 (a year younger than I am now), he had just started a five-year term as Ontario's ombudsman. But his diabetes, which he steadfastly refused to reveal to anyone but his family, was already out of control. For men of my dad's generation, burying anything that could be construed as a weakness was essential. However, as with any fall from grace, the cover-up could be ultimately more damaging than what you were trying to hide.

How things have changed. Today, I get paid to talk about my physical and psycho-emotional setbacks – and the more disastrous the better. People want to hear the worst of what you've faced, how you've tumbled from superstar grace to crawling on all fours, followed by the inevitable comeback, replete with



Daniel Sr. in his WWII army uniform



The author with his mother



The author gets a lift from his father.



The Hill family, including younger brother, Lawrence, and sister Karen 1958



The author with his parents circa 1979

Oprah-esque epiphanies.

"You're so brave," people tell me when I talk about vicissitudes of my life. Ah, but I'm not brave. Anyone can talk, and almost as many can write. It's what you do that counts. Again, I compare myself to my father. He spent the mid-'60s brushing off bomb threats from right-wing lunatics (the price of being the founder and director of Ontario's first Human Rights Commission); he'd interrupt classrooms to threaten macho teach-

ers who made the mistake of laying a hand on my brother or me; he once carried five people in two lighting-fast bursts from a car stalled on a black-iced New York thruway. But my father's devotion to his wife was his greatest and most underrated strength. Even in declining health, he wrenched himself out of semi-retirement into a demanding government ombudsman posting, so that my mom would benefit from his pension once he was gone.

Do I worry that my dad might posthumously disapprove of my actions or lack thereof over the past 10-plus years? Not at all. Even in death, he's helped me immeasurably. Perhaps more so than when he was alive, as I can control our dialogue now. Emboldened by the recollection of my father manoeuvring through of all sorts of life-threatening situations, I find that his legacy has blessed me with a strength and sense of authority I never possessed when he was alive. I've even channelled the swaggering command of my father's voice during run-ins I've had – with gang members, pimps, pushers and gun-runners, in burnt-out housing projects in Downsview, in the far reaches of Scarborough or at the filthy pizza

joints at Dundas and Broadview. I tell them, threatening and sometimes bribing them, to stay clear of my family. And they listen. And it's not me they're listening to but rather my father, my forebears. I represent their absent fathers, too, the boundaries they never had. On more than one occasion, I've picked off the handle of a pistol peeking out of some low-slung trousers but only once have I truly worried about being shot. I'm not a particularly brave or tough man but I'm not afraid of dying.

My 87-year-old mother, while nowhere near death, appears impatient for it to sweep her away. "I can't figure out what I'm doing here, still alive," she exclaims, with genuine astonishment and indignation. Despite being genuinely fed up with life, Mom still reads with the voraciousness of a law student and can go from a sitting to standing position faster than I can. ("It's because of my twice-a-week trainer," she says, as if she's somehow cheating.) Ruefully describing her mood as "a-motivational," she's anything but during my weekly visits, hovering around me like a hummingbird: Can I make you coffee? Here, let me get you some raspberries from my backyard garden. Oh, your calf

hurts? Let me show you this stretch ...

Mom's hyper-attentiveness makes me feel like I'm the senior straddling death's doorstep and she's my ever-youthful trainer. But this is precisely Mom's point: if life can be likened to a stage performance, it's better to go out before your body and mind wear out their welcome. But where do you draw the line between a life still worth living and a life so broken down that you just want it all to end?

NO OTHER PERIOD of our life is more overrated than youth. Surely, our growing sense of maturity and empathy, combined with a deeper appreciation for life's small pleasures, compensates for our litany of physical betrayals. All that time fretting about being not good-looking enough, funny enough or cool enough, when being considered "weird" was the ultimate stab of shame. By middle age, our insecurities are fewer and play out in more layered ways. Consider the disproportionate number of boomer parents waxing supreme about their gifted children? My son is in McGill medical school. My daughter is teaching English in Korea while writing her PhD thesis. "Well, my son **Continued on page 103** ►

"His legacy has blessed me with a strength and sense of authority I never possessed when he was alive."





Ex Libris

For members of a famous Canadian literary family, when a lifetime of reading gets unpacked, it's more than a boxed set **By Jacob Richler**

LATE IN THE summer of 2014, after several consecutive years residing full-time in her freshly acquired house in Toronto, my mother decided that the time had finally come to put her Montreal apartment on the market. That sprawling flat in The Chateau apartments – just across the street from Holt's and the Ritz – had been in the family since 1980. I grew up there. And for that and other good reasons, that September I booked off a few days work to accompany my mother to Montreal to help her sort through the shocking amount of stuff that had accumulated there over three and a half decades. And to force some decisions on getting rid of some of it before the movers arrived to take the balance to Toronto.

"It's hardly necessary," my mother had protested at the time. "I don't really intend to take anything at all. No furniture, certainly. Just a few special things."

As I remembered it, she had expressed some similar sentiment in the fall of 2011 as we prepared to pack up our family cottage on Lake Memphremagog. A move that eventually played out with 10,000 kilos of freight heading off to seven different destinations – one of them the Montreal apartment, where those

boxes were still unpacked, stacked floor to ceiling in a subsequently unusable bedroom. On the other hand, we had also managed to shed 300 cubic feet of books – over 5,000 volumes – all donated to Concordia University, to establish their Mordecai Richler Reading Room, a display anchored by his old writing desk from his preferred lakeside office.

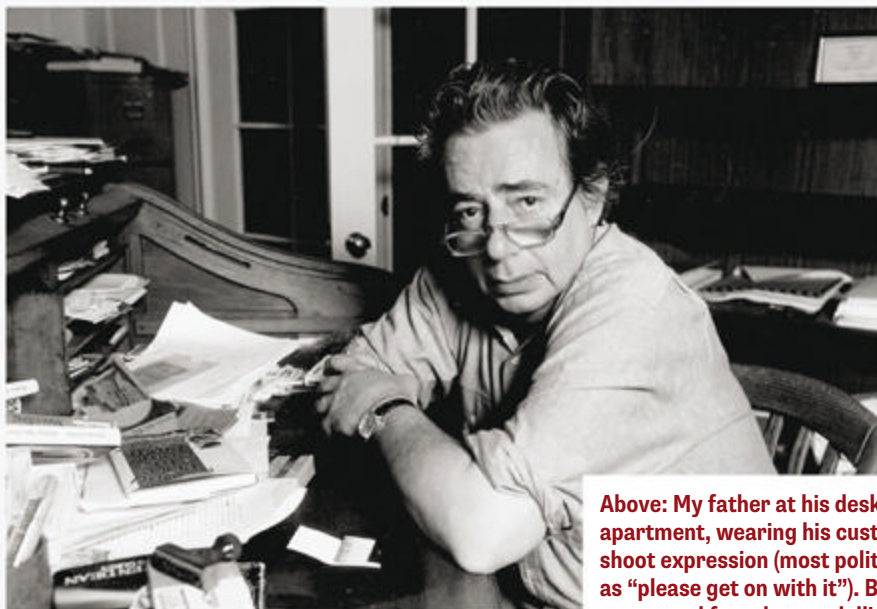
Meanwhile, there was another, far grander desk in Montreal – an antique oak roll top that my mother had bought at a Westmount estate sale shortly after our arrival in Montreal from London in 1972. It's a beauty. And while arguably its stately bank office grandeur was less my father's style than was the improvised drafting table that he used at the cottage, Dad had left his personal imprimatur on the thing in a way that made it uniquely his. I speak of the black scorch marks that lick their way up from the padded writing surface along the flank of its rear filing slots, over the bird's-eye maple inserts that front some of those small shelves to the underside of the rolltop cover. As the story goes, my father had just telephoned his Toronto publisher Jack McClelland to announce the completion of a manuscript – probably *Joshua Then & Now* – when in his distraction, he missed the ash-

tray and instead put his cigar down on the stack of paper in question and so set alight the only existing copy of his latest book. Fortunately, he always worked with a pot of tea at hand.

When Mum told me that she wanted me to have the desk I was, of course, delighted. But that said, after the cottage library cleanout to Concordia, what I really wanted was a selection of books from our remaining Montreal library. Not thousands, just a hundred or two select volumes, so that my family library in Toronto could boast a more conspicuous continuity with one I grew up with. I wanted a slice of family heritage, in other words. And when I expressed this desire to my mother on our short flight there, she seemed pleased to accommodate – as long as she could be involved in the choosing.

So, sometime on the afternoon of our second day of packing, I gently steered her into the once splendid living room and directed her carefully through the mess and into the only remaining armchair. I handed her a glass of a preferred Meursault. And she got comfortable, in that elegant sitting pose of hers that never looks comfortable at all – legs to one side, held together parallel, all the way down through ankles and toes.

All around was chaos.



Above: My father at his desk at the Montreal apartment, wearing his customary photo shoot expression (most politely summarized as “please get on with it”). Below: My mother’s comp card from her modelling days in the ’50s.

Full boxes, stacked high and ready to go. Half-full ones, awaiting completion, and empty ones, ready for something new. Tape guns and tape rolls and indelible felt pens were scattered here and there, along with stacks of large round stickers, each of their colours a code for a different shipping destination. Everywhere else, there were books. They were piled in teetering stacks on the coffee table and the side tables. They were heaped according to theme in huge mounds on the floor. And they still filled an enormous bookshelf that nearly covered that huge room’s only uninterrupted wall. There were hundreds upon hundreds of them in this room alone – and there were four other bookshelf-lined rooms to go.

We could not and did not want to bring all of these books with us but we wanted some. For the most part, the task of separating the enduring works from the forgettable was self-evident and easy. But some of the cull was tricky. In particular, I wanted my mother’s input on assessing some of the older books, some of which I owned in newer editions and others that were unfamiliar. And this mission came with a significant complication: for the better – no, worse – part of a decade, my octogenarian mother has been legally blind.



“What’s this one?” she asked, gently handling an aging hardcover, which she had picked up from the top of a stack near her and was now turning over slowly and examining as best she could. “It’s definitely familiar.”

A Crown of Feathers and Other Stories by Isaac Bashevis Singer.

“Ah, yes – I met him at a book launch,” she recounted of the late Nobel laureate. “Mordecai had gone off to fetch a drink for himself and, when he returned, Isaac told him that he was interrupting. ‘You should go away,’ he said. ‘I’m in the middle of proposing to your wife.’ He was really

quite fond of Mordecai and he enjoyed teasing him. He was like a mischievous elf, with twinkling eyes...”

So, the Singer was a keeper, then.

I put the book in a fresh box to which I assigned the theme classics that I really must get to one day. I stuck a red label on its lid and flank so that when the movers got to Toronto with it, they would drop it at my place. And then I identified for my mother the next book that she had picked up: *Nine Plays*, Eugene O’Neil, 1952.

Not good enough. My mother is averse to being rushed. No matter that we had a thousand or two more books to go through, along with everything else, and the movers were coming in two days. She still wanted to know the titles of each of the nine plays in the anthology, so I read them to her.

“How odd that *A Long Day’s Journey into Night* is not included,” she remarked at my conclusion. “I dragged Mordecai to see Lawrence Olivier in that once. Poor Mordecai. He was quite miserable ...”

I could relate. In New York, she once took me to see Glenda Jackson in *Strange Interlude* – and only when I was safely settled in my seat did she casually reveal that this experimental play of O’Neil’s had a running time of just a tick under five hours.

That was a long night’s journey to dinner, if ever I knew one.

And unlike *Long Day’s Journey*, which while written in the ’40s, ►

was not published until '56, *Strange Interlude* had been included in this particular collection. So I put it in with Singer as a memento. Meanwhile, my mother had picked up a 1951 edition of Herman Melville's *Billy Budd and Other Stories*.

"You know, Bill Shatner did *Billy Budd* in Montreal in '48 or perhaps '49," she recalled. "He was very good. He actually could act. Then, we were talking afterwards, and I said the play was interesting – and he looked at me intently and said, 'But Florence – what is life?' How very actorish ..."

Next, she picked up *A Sportsman's Notebook* by Ivan Turgenev ("I introduced Mordecai to Turgenev – to Oblomov – not very successfully ...") and then *Aura* by Carlos Fuentes ("He was a diplomat, you know? He wrote very lucidly ..."). Next, she uncovered her 1912 edition of Darwin's *Naturalist's Voyage in HMS Beagle*, which came with an interesting story, too lengthy and complicated to encapsulate here.

I kept her copy of *The Master of Petersburg* by J.M. Coetzee because I still vividly recall her taking me decades ago to hear Coetzee read from his Booker-winning *Life & Times of Michael K* at McGill, an experience which set me off on a multi-book Coetzee tear. I kept a couple of Beryl Bainbridge, too.

"Oh, Beryl ..." she said. "Mordecai was very fond of her, and she of him. I remember the two of them together at the Booker, quite smashed and really having fun ..."

Then I came across an oddity very much up my alley: *Cent Restaurants de Paris, choisis par Odette Panettier, Commandeur du Tastevin*. The Paris restaurant guidebook was dated 1956 – which, in my mother's chronology, fits in the brief interlude between her



Left: Dad in Montreal in the '70s. Below: my mother, as usual, looking far more at ease in her party threads than ever was my father.



first husband and my father.

"I was visiting Paris with an early boyfriend. I did my research, but he certainly knew where to go. His father had a château in Bordeaux with a vineyard. Two, actually. He was lovely to me. But, of course, I didn't want to spend my life hosting dinner parties at a château in Bordeaux."

"Well, of course not," I replied, disingenuously. Silence descended upon us temporarily as I tried to conjure the hellish repercussions for me – if I existed – had my mother negotiated this particular fork in the road of her life a little differently.

"The vineyards ..." I asked, tentatively. "They weren't, like, first growth-type Bordeaux vineyards, by any chance?"

No comment. No details proffered. We moved on.

The next book was a puzzler. A Bantam paperback, entitled *I Married a Bestseller* by Sheila Hailey. The jacket revealed that Sheila was the wife of Arthur Hailey, author of *Airport*, *Hotel* and *Overload*. "To stay happily married to anyone for 25 years is an achievement," it read on the jacket. "To stay happily married for that length of time to a writer is a miracle ..."

Inside, there was a yellowing type-

written note, from my father's editor Bob Gottlieb – my godfather – then editor-in-chief of Alfred A. Knopf, in New York. "Dear Flo," it began. "This is it – the book that can both save your marriage and turn Mordecai into a real bestseller! Every word is riveting, needless to say, but I especially recommend the bits on their extramarital arrangements, and the sex education of the children. For Mordecai, the chapter 'How to write a bestseller' is an imperative ..."

On which note we next came upon a copy of *Paris Underground*, a wartime memoir by New York housewife Etta Shiber, about being trapped in Paris during the Nazi invasion and then working with the Resistance to help stranded English soldiers escape occupied France. It was a first edition, printed in 1943 – "manufactured under wartime conditions in conformity with all government regulations controlling the use of paper and other materials." Above that, written in some early unrecognisable version of my father's handwriting, were the words, "Ex Libris – Mordecai Richler, Oct. 22, 1943."

We were startled. Dad had never struck either of us as the type to write “ex libris” in his books. But then in October ’43, he was 12. So I kept that one, too.

Somehow, we got through it all and packed up a 2,000-square foot apartment in three long days. A few months later at the other end, when I finally got around to unpacking those boxes in the basement of my house in Toronto, just about every book I pulled from a box brought me back to that time we spent together. And specifically, what so many of those books had taught me about her past.

But ironically, then, there was one big thing the books had not revealed: how it was that my mother had become a reader. An insatiable reader. A lifelong reader, who despite having lost her sight to macular degeneration and now requiring the help of magnification devices that amplify each letter in a word to the size of a toonie so that she might recognise it, still has at least three books on the go at any given time. So, looking for answers, I took her out for a grand lunch, relying on her second favourite pleasure (great food and wine) to help unleash some truths about her long relationship with her primary pleasure – reading.

“I like to think I was born with it,” she told me, as we settled into the tasting bar at Canoe with some oysters.

Whether she likes to think so or not is actually moot: the facts are plain. Hers is a story where nature trumped nurture, hands down – and gave it a kick in the head for good measure too. In my mother’s childhood home in Point St. Charles, then a rough working class district of Montreal, there were just three books in the house, displayed neatly on a single bathroom shelf. Her parents could not read them. They were both illiterate.

My mother’s father, named Albert, signed his name with an X. He served in the Great War. When my mother’s

older brother – also called Albert – followed suit and went off to fight the second round in ’39, he wrote letters home. My mother read them to her parents. When her father wanted to answer them, my mother coached him through his laboured, short written replies to the front.

“I had won the school spelling bee,” she told me of that period. “I was very good at finishing words when provided only the first syllable. Like ‘per’ for p-e-r-p-e-n-d-i-c-u-l-a-r ...”

The first syllable was all her parents could provide when testing her. But her maternal grandfather, Frank Spelling, provided more – much more. He was a keen reader and kept a modest library at his house, which was halfway between my mother’s

indirectly to her first innocent but awakening awareness of men, in the adult sense. “We had a temporary English teacher. I remember him perched on my desk. He was introducing the class to Charles Lamb. I was very aware of his right knee inadvertently touching mine. It was my first response to an adult male that was in any way memorable. He asked the class if anyone had read Charles Lamb. I proffered a hand. I had read *Tales from Shakespeare*.”

Not long thereafter her schooling ended. She had the excellent marks then required to carry on to university, but her parents insisted that she instead enter the workforce. “I would have given my eye teeth to be allowed to attend. For the first time in my life,

“Every book brought me back to that time we spent together. And specifically, what so many of those books had taught me about her past”

home and her school. And while he evidently hadn’t seen to it that his own daughter learned to read (finding a husband was the important thing then), he did take unexpected interest in the reading habits one of his granddaughters – my mother. “He was the strong influence. He lent me many books. He said to me, ‘Anyone can read – but you have to understand. You have to use what you read.’”

Reading became the foundation for her first serious friendship, at age 12.

“I had one special girlfriend, called Margaret. We became inseparable. We didn’t talk much, though. We mostly sat on a park bench together and read. We passed books back and forth ...”


Not long thereafter, reading led

I was deeply resentful. Deeply!”

She stuck to her books.

Her first husband, Stanley Mann, was a playwright and novelist and very successful screenwriter. We were well into our fourth course – grilled moose, with pheasant egg yolk-stuffed ravioli and paprika-dusted goose barnacles – by the time we got to my father.

“I wonder if I would have fallen so deeply in love with Mordecai,” my mother said, as we waited for dessert, “if I had not seen my grandfather surrounded by those towers of books. They were such an influence on my life.”

A life of two intertwined loves: my father and great books. All the better to have some of each in mine. 



ONE NIGHT IN November 2013, I heard a voice. I was channel surfing after a particularly long day at work and, in the middle of a rerun of *Modern Family*, I heard a voice. What it said was, “If you keep this up, you’re going to get sick.”

The thing about these voices, these messages, when they show up so infrequently over the course of your life – you want it to be James Earl Jones thundering down at you, but what you get instead is your own voice, the same tiresome, flat-as-a-pancake voice in your head that’s been badgering you for the last 50 or 60 years. I think that’s how the heavens speak and why, more often than not, we don’t hear them.

But that night I heard it and, whether it was divine intervention or just me telling myself something I should have already known, that little message, delivered in a weary voice to a weary guy, hit home hard. I wasn’t ill but I was certainly tired – of the daily grind of running my PR company, of making a thousand decisions a day, of managing millennials, of the relentless labour-intensiveness of the work. There was still pleasure in the craft, and I was on my game, but professional stimulation and the joy of achievement were too often taking a hazy back seat to just getting through the day.

I was where many of us are, I think, in those last 10 years or so before retirement age: more comfortable in my own skin than when I was younger but beginning to feel time-limited and unsure of what to make of that. For the first time in my life, I was anxious about money and focused on saving as much as I possibly could. While on the surface my days were dynamic, in some ways I was frozen, locked in some limiting beliefs (“This is it ... you have to make the most of it ... don’t rock the boat”). I was tightening up. But that

voice – or thought, if you prefer – got me thinking. Something had to give.

I HAVE ALWAYS loved work; I suppose it has defined me. It's when I feel most alive and, though the time will come, I cannot yet imagine not working. I've had no interest in drifting unconsciously toward retirement and what I've called, at times disparagingly, the three Gs: golf, grandchildren and gardening. What I needed wasn't less stress or less work: I needed change, perhaps another kick at the can. I needed the kind of aliveness that change can bring.

I do believe I know a thing or two about change. It has always been the next thing, starting something new, that has excited me most, and so I have begun again, many times, usually having had considerable success in the career I was leaving behind. Theatre director, freelance journalist, psychotherapist, magazine editor-in-chief, television commentator, speech writer, fashion and industrial show producer, newspaper columnist, advertising copywriter, public relations executive, actor (failed), entertainment industry development executive (aborted) – this is how I've marked my life. Could I do it again, now? Would the tumblers continue to click?

More thoughts, encouraging, rationalizing: "You'll probably never have enough money, so why let that stop you ... if you don't do it now, you never will ... you could be alive for 30 more years but you don't know how many more years of vitality you will have." As these thoughts gathered power, the constricting, suffocating thoughts – "Save every penny ... stay the course ... tough it out ... be safe, not sorry," delivered in the shrill, niggling, little voice of some nervous aunt I'd no doubt internalized – began to recede. I created a mantra of sorts, playing it over and over in my head: "If not now, when? After this,

what?" I was gathering steam.

Over the next few months, I dramatically downsized my small, esteemed public-relations company. I said goodbye to a coveted handful of blue-chip clients, let my bewildered valued team of young PR professionals go and closed the office.


FACING THE GREAT white nothing – that's what an artist friend of mine calls standing in front of a blank canvas. Whether it's by choice or necessity, with excitement or dread, when you're faced with nothing, you wake up. You assess, take stock, scavenge through all you've done in the past, rifle through everyone you know. You scan those books on finding your passion (dubious), fret like crazy and try on as many possibilities as you can conjure up and, through this chaotic process, you clear a path for your creativity to bubble up. Eventually, among the few or the many, one this-feels-right idea, an idea with movement and potential, arises from it and you build an opportunity. There it is! Aliveness! This is where it starts. You're on the edge of a cliff.

A year and a half has passed since I uprooted myself and, while there has been movement and change, I am still, in my way, standing on that cliff. Truth be told, it's a small cliff; this time around, there's a safety

"Whether or not this is it, the thing I am looking for, I don't know yet. I could paint over it at any moment"

rail. I kept one client so I would have some needed income as I moved forward. But I've left a lot of space for the new and I've resisted the powerful urge to fill time and wallet ("Time is running out! Money's running out!") with more of the work I left behind. There's now a little paint on the canvas. I've done some writing for newspapers and magazines, and I am pecking away at a non-fiction book, perhaps not surprisingly, about this mysterious, flummoxing stage of life we find ourselves in. But whether or not this is it, the thing I am looking for, I don't yet know. I could paint over it at any moment.

How do we age, I wonder, without tightening up, without our minds and spirits constricting like our bodies invariably do? Where do we find motivation and, yes, aliveness, when there is less wind behind us and we cannot always rely, as we once could, on passion and creative juice and restless energy and enthusiasm? One way, my way, is to risk, even a little – there's magic in it every time. It's taking a wee step into the unknown and imagining that something else, something different, is possible at a time when every voice, both in and outside your head, is telling you to stay put. It's raising the stakes of your life. And you discover that a little fear in the end isn't all that frightening.

MINE IS a small story, I know that. It's not like I sold the lumberyard and left for Mount Baldy. But hallelujah, I have broken the tight, restrictive thinking and the emotional numbness that were beginning to envelop me. I'm awake to possibility, embracing what's new and, like us all, trying to balance the bottom line with what I need for heart and soul. I am thinking more deeply about the powerful relationship between vitality, aliveness, risk – and longing. But that's another story. Right now, I'm building a future ... and listening for another voice. 

Playing dress-up at Kleinfeld Hudson's Bay. Left to right: Jennifer Bassett wearing a Pronovias gown and earrings by Laura Jayne; Jessica Mulroney, public relations, marketing and events for Kleinfeld Hudson's Bay, in a dress by Roland Mouret, the Room; Ann Layton wearing a dress by Pnina Tornai, bracelets by Alan Anderson and MM Crystal, hat by David Dunkley



Encore!



If you're always a bride or getting married for the first time long after your blushing days are over, you might as well go all the way and break dated wedding dress rules **By Derick Chetty Photography Chris Chapman**

Y

OU'VE BEEN THERE and done the Big Fat Wedding and you might have even fulfilled the Princess Bride fantasy with a big poufy gown. But that marriage went the same way as the VCR, and now you're about to do it again. The question is what do you wear for an encore wedding?

While societal conventions once dictated second- or third-time brides (not to mention first-timers of a certain age) adhere to certain sartorial rules, like keep it understated and no white, today another trip down the aisle is one blooming with endless possibilities. "Anything goes," declares Jessica Mulroney, PR, marketing and events for Kleinfeld at Hudson's Bay, one of the largest luxury bridal retailers in the world, which opened its first Canadian location, a 20,000-square foot salon at the Hudson's Bay flagship store in Toronto. "Bridal is so different today, and there is so much out there. As second marriages become more common, women are saying, 'Why the heck not? I'll do it better and bigger.'"

In other words, when it comes to their encore weddings, brides are breaking all rules and traditional matrimonial conventions.

Take Tina Turner, who tied the knot in 2013 at age 73 to her long-time beau in Switzerland. She opted for an emerald green and black silk tulle gown by Giorgio Armani, which she wore with leggings. And she insisted that her guests be the ones to wear white.

Then there's Tina Knowles, the mother of Beyoncé and Solange, married for the second time at age 61 and opted for traditional white, albeit, a slinky, sexy gown that had a thigh-high slit and was accessorized with a gold belt.

Of course, matrimonial-fashion trailblazers date further back. We need look no further than Elizabeth Taylor, a woman who knew a thing or two about repeat marriages – eight in total. But it was dress No. 5 in 1964 (her first of two marriages to Richard Burton) that remains the most iconic. Fresh off a scandalous affair (both were married) while filming *Cleopatra*, they quietly married in Montreal, where Taylor wore a canary yellow chiffon outfit, accessorized with an emerald Bulgari brooch and a veritable bouquet of hyacinths and lilies in her hair.

Arguably, the most talked about second wedding and

one that called for extreme understatement was Camilla Parker Bowles' marriage to Prince Charles. She bore the added weight of Charles' first wedding to Diana (not to mention her legacy) – a widely televised world event to be compared with.

However, the once most reviled woman in Britain deftly won over the nation looking radiant in a pale blue gown with an embroidered overcoat and a fantastic feathered creation by Philip Treacy crowning her head.

Closer to home, it's easy to appreciate that less notorious mature brides would also want to try a different approach.

Jennifer Bassett, 41, who owns Toronto-based event-planning firm, Bassett Events Inc., is in the process of planning her second nuptials this summer.

"My first one was very traditional and was basically planned by my mother. I was 28 years old, marrying my high-school sweetheart, and it was a church wedding with seven bridesmaids," she says. "This time around I see it as a very adult, sophisticated party."


After several visits to Kleinfeld, she decided to go custom and have her dress made at the same place her sisters got theirs, Valenciennes Bridal.

It's blush pink, fitted, backless and with cutouts at the side.

"It's something I would wear to the Oscars," she laughs.

Ann Layton, owner of Siren Communications, a Toronto-based PR firm, who had a commitment ceremony on the tropical island of Tobago with friends and family earlier this year, decided to wear a sari in honour of her partner's Indian heritage and his parents. The colour was blue, a reflection of her love of the Caribbean sea.

The only rule she acknowledges when it comes to bridal attire is it should be age-appropriate. "As you get older, don't try to emulate that young bride." In other words, be true to yourself.

So, the answer to what does a second-time (or more) around bride wear? It's anything she wants. "Why should it be less meaningful or less important to look a certain way?" adds Mulroney, who believes the second or third time around should be just as important if not more than the first. "It should be a celebration of love and that time in your life." 



Say yes to the statement necklace by Alan Anderson at Kleinfeld.



When Jackie, wearing Valentino, became Mrs. "O" at her wedding to Aristotle Onassis



First-time bride at 51, Nancy Shevell with Paul McCartney, wearing a dress by his daughter, the designer, Stella McCartney.



Camilla descends the steps as the newly minted Duchess of Cornwall at 58.



Liz Taylor at wedding No. 5, the first of two to Richard Burton

“Bridal is so different today, and there’s so much out there. As second marriages become more common, women are saying, ‘Why the heck not? I’ll do it better and bigger’”



The White Album: actor Richard Lawson, 68, wed Tina Knowles, 61, aboard a yacht with all the guests in white.



What’s love got to do with it? Plenty for Tina Turner, 73, and new hubby, 57 at the time of their nuptials.



Tacofino's
Steak
Taco

Maple
Beef-Bacon
Donuts

Truck Stop

Food trucks are hot for summer. We take things outside and show you how to throw a street tasting party. **By Rebecca Field Jager**

YOU CAN'T hold me to the details of my childhood memories; recollections of my summers past are as hazy as those long hot days themselves. But in my mind's eye, I am outdoors playing with friends in the late afternoon when a familiar sound floats through the air. Ding-a-ding. Ding-a-ding. We stop in our tracks and race home. There, we beg our mothers for change, promise that a treat won't spoil dinner, and plead and pester until purses are found.

Back outside, the Dickie Dee ice-cream cart emerges like a mirage coming up the street. Kids of all ages swarm but so, too, do moms with aprons around their hips, dads with dried grass clippings on their shoes

and bored teenagers who dream of one day of escaping this northern Ontario town (let's blow this Popsicle stand!). Although I can still taste the sweetness of a Creamsicle, it's the memory of those impromptu gatherings that is most delicious. That's where the neighbourhood connected, when grown-ups winked and made plans for cocktails and kids bent on sleepovers smiled triumphantly after their parents said, "We'll see."

Street food is and always has been a social affair. For centuries, Canadians have come together to line up and chow down, be it at chuckwagons or county fairs, roadside shacks or urban hotdog stands. Interestingly, this part of our collective past has become a huge part of our present. A street food

movement – fuelled by a food truck craze that started in the U.S. in the '90s – has rolled into Canada, bringing with it just about every type of food imaginable from Vancouver's Disco Cheetah, which serves up Korean cuisine, to Edmonton's Native Delights; from Toronto's Kal and Mooy's Somali home-cooking to Halifax's Poppa Smoke's Hip Hot Hoagies. Vegan and vegetarian dishes are on the rise, but most menus are meat-forward. Think pulled pork, beef brisket and burgers; in essence, all things barbecue. Even hotels are getting in on the action. The Chelsea Hotel in downtown Toronto recently opened a taco-centric food truck on its patio to draw crowds to the outdoor space.

"It's such a cool way to dine," says

Kaeli Robinsong, who along with husband, Jason Sussman, owns Tacofino, a company that began with one truck in Tofino, B.C., but now has a restaurant and two trucks in Vancouver. “We get men and women in suits coming down from office towers to meet and eat with merchants, shoppers and the people in the ’hood. It’s like a micro-community.”

A micro-community brought together with a little help from technology. Gone are the days when a bell signals a food truck’s presence; today, smartphone apps let folks know in real time which trucks are open in their city, where they are located and what the specials are. Social media allows customers to connect with each other, and vendors to connect with customers. In fact, it was through Twitter that I learned about One of a Thai, a truck stationed in Yellowknife. Much like the young son in the 2014 feel-good movie *Chef* who uses Facebook, Twitter and other platforms to draw attention to his father’s food truck as it journeys across America, Sousanh Chanthalangsy, who owns the truck along with her mom, was tweeting

her heart out as she drove a brand new upgraded vehicle from Vancouver to the Northwest Territories.

“My mom’s from Thailand and did a lot of catering when I was growing up. I told her that one day I’d showcase her recipes by opening a restaurant. That wasn’t feasible, so we opened a food truck in 2011 and we’ve upgraded now because we’re so busy.”

Indeed, it is cheaper to operate a truck versus a restaurant, says Zane Caplansky, owner of Caplansky’s Deli and food truck in Toronto, but there are plenty of challenges from breakdowns to bylaws. It’s a tough business, so that’s why, in his other role, as judge on Food Network’s *Food Truck Face-off*, Caplansky still looks for entrepreneurs possessed with passion. Happily, Caplansky reports, city council recently passed less-restrictive regulations that allow food trucks to park 30 metres away from open restaurants, instead of 50 metres, and park and vend for five hours at pay-and-display spaces on feeder roads.

“They have to have drive, vision and the ability to just jump in and ask questions later. They have to be authentic and innovative.”

What they don’t have to be are classically trained chefs. Matt Basile, owner of Fidel Gastro’s food truck in Toronto and host of Cooking Channel’s *Rebel Without a Kitchen*, worked in butcher shops in his teens but left a cushy cubicle job as a copywriter to follow his dream of feeding people for a living. Happily, as he writes in his book, *Street Food Diaries: Irresistible Recipes Inspired by the Street*, street food isn’t so much about technical skill as it is about people wanting to share their lives. “It’s the perfect combination of home-cooked meals and homemade stories.”

Both of the above can be pulled off in your backyard and so, with the hazy days of summer finally upon us, why not put a new twist on the traditional barbecue by throwing a Street Food Tasting Party? Casual and nostalgic, your shindig should feature cold beer in plastic cups, retro cocktails and finger food served at various “food truck stations” at which guests can ➤

What You’ll Need

- 1 barbecue with work surface (for taco station)
- 1 table with a deep-fryer (for sandwich station)
- 1 table + serving platter for donuts
- 1 table + equipment required for station of your own creation
- Plenty of paper napkins, disposable cups, glasses, etc.
- Trash can
- 1 pen + 4 scorecards (download PDF at www.everythingzoomer.com/tag/tasting-party) per guest

Set Up and Ambience

- Cover food station tables with retro tablecloths or brown paper “tablecloths” on which you can create colourful masterpieces themed to the food
- On each station, set place card with names of food truck and recipe
- Create a playlist of summer classics such as Beach Boys, Elvis tunes, etc.
- Nix formal table settings and encourage guests to grab a lawn

chair or dine on their feet, street-food style

- Encourage guests to come up with their own food truck concept complete with name, logo and menu offerings and jot it down on Scorecards
- Create your own Food Truck Face-off – after scoring, have guests compare notes and pitch ideas – and declare an overall winner!


Why not? Turn this tasting party into a block party and have all the neighbours set up food stations in their yards!



Mozzarella
Sangweech



Maple
Beef-Bacon
Donuts

mix and mingle. On the grill, try Tacofino's Steak Tacos; on a table with a deep-fryer, do Matt Basile's Mozzarella Sangweeches; and on another table, set out Caplansky's Famous Maple Bacon Donuts, which you can make ahead. In the spirit of the street food movement, add one more station of your own creation – perhaps a food truck concept based on your signature dish or some crazy fusion invention (Basile does Pad Thai Fries, replacing the noodles with French fries). If you need help manning the stations ask a guest or two to pitch in. And don't get wrinkles if the service is slow – show me a great street food memory, and I'll show you a long line-up. 

TACOFINO'S STEAK TACO

By Jason Sussman

Makes 8 tacos

- 1 flank steak (about 2 lb/1 kg)
- 4 red peppers, roasted, peeled and sliced
- 10 green onions, lightly oiled and charred on grill, quartered

- 8 6-inch round flour tortillas, lightly grilled
- Lime wedges for serving

Marinade:

- 1 jalapeno, diced
- ½ onion, diced
- 6 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 bunch cilantro, chopped
- ½ can Mexican beer
- 2 tbsp brown sugar
- ¼ cup oil
- Juice of 2 limes

Marinate In large dish, combine jalapeno, onion, garlic, cilantro, beer, sugar, oil and lime juice. Add steak and marinate overnight in refrigerator. Remove the steak from marinade and let stand at room temperature on a rack for an hour or so. Grill to medium and rest for 15 minutes. Slice across the grain. Build tacos with meat, peppers and green onions. Garnish with your favourite taco toppings.

MOZZARELLA SANGWEECH

Vegetarian adaptation from Street Food Diaries

Makes 8 to 12 sangweeches

- 1 loaf focaccia bread
- 4 large buffalo mozzarella cheese balls
- 1 tbsp coarse ground salt
- 2 cups flour
- 6 eggs
- 1 cup dried breadcrumbs
- 1 tsp black pepper
- Sliced lemons
- Oil for deep frying

Slice focaccia into pieces no thicker than your index finger, then cut each piece in half. Slice each cheese ball into three or four slices, and lightly salt. Place one or two slices of cheese on half the slices of bread. Top with remaining slices of bread to finish off the sangweeches. Place flour in a bowl, place eggs in another


bowl and whisk, and place bread-crumbs in another bowl. Heat oil in deep-fryer to 360 F. Dredge sangweeches in the flour, then the egg, and then the breadcrumbs. Place one sangweech at a time in deep-fryer and fry 4 to 5 minutes or until golden. Use tongs or lid of fryer to help keep submerged. Lightly season with salt and pepper and serve with slice of lemon in a napkin or disposable container.

MAPLE BEEF-BACON DONUTS

From Caplansky's Deli Food Truck

Makes 40 donuts

- ¾ cups sugar
- ¼ cup melted butter
- 2 large eggs, whole
- 1 egg yolk
- 2 ¼ cups flour
- ½ tsp baking soda
- 1 tbsp baking powder
- ½ tsp salt
- ½ tsp nutmeg
- 1 cup buttermilk
- ¾ cup beef bacon (or your favourite type), minced
- Icing sugar
- Maple syrup

In mixing bowl, beat together sugar and butter until light and fluffy. Beat in eggs and set aside. In large separate bowl, stir together flour, baking soda, baking powder, salt and nutmeg. Add sugar mixture to flour mixture, then add buttermilk until you get a thick (but not too thick) batter. Toss in minced bacon and mix until well combined. Refrigerate for at least one hour. Dust work surface with flour. Using a small ice cream scoop, scoop ball of batter and roll on surface into small uniform balls. Drop in oil and cook until golden or dark brown and cooked through. Dust with icing sugar and drizzle with maple syrup. Can be made ahead and served at room temperature. 

Prepare to be *Truly Moved*



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AROUSING

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Your Summer Bounty

FROM A TO Z

It's the season to feast on our scrumptious homegrown fruits and veggies while they last. With so many ingredients available, creating delicious, nutritious meals is easy. Metro is your destination for the freshest local Ontario produce, inspiration for outdoor entertaining and healthy recipes for every occasion. Discover them at **www.metro.ca**.

ENERGIZING

Irresistible strawberries pack manganese for healthy bones. *Campfire treat: dip in marshmallow creme, skewer and roast.*

LUSCIOUS

Succulent peaches are also delectable when grilled—a sunny side for fish, shrimp and scallops.



metro



HEARTY

Tomatoes' rich hue comes from lycopene—an antioxidant that reduces the risk of heart disease. Their flavours shine in patio-perfect **Bruschetta**.



JUICY A must-try recipe featuring the quintessential summer fruit: **Watermelon and Feta Salad with Mint**. Gorgeous served with barbecued chicken!

SAVOUR THE BEST OF THE SEASON

1 Stay cool on super-hot days. Skip the grill and serve refreshing cold gazpacho, tapas and a pitcher of sangria. *Healthier option: add a slice of lemon to iced tea and a splash of soda water to wine.*

2 Say yes to picnics and road trips. Simplify spur-of-the-moment fun by visiting Metro for everything you need to dine al fresco—cheeses, dips, premade salads, fresh baked goods.

3 Set a relaxed mood with little touches that make a big impact. Brighten your summer fete with fresh flowers, torches and candles. Pick a playlist to match your fun-in-the-sun theme.



ZINGY

Loaded with vitamins A and C, apricots are ideal for preserves. *Orange zest adds a citrusy kick.*

UPLIFTING

Look to radishes for mood-boosting folate and a peppery crunch in guacamole and tuna, egg and pasta salads.



Shop your local metro store for more delicious options and visit **metro.ca** for information on the **My Healthy Plate Program**.



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Living

GRILL SEEKER

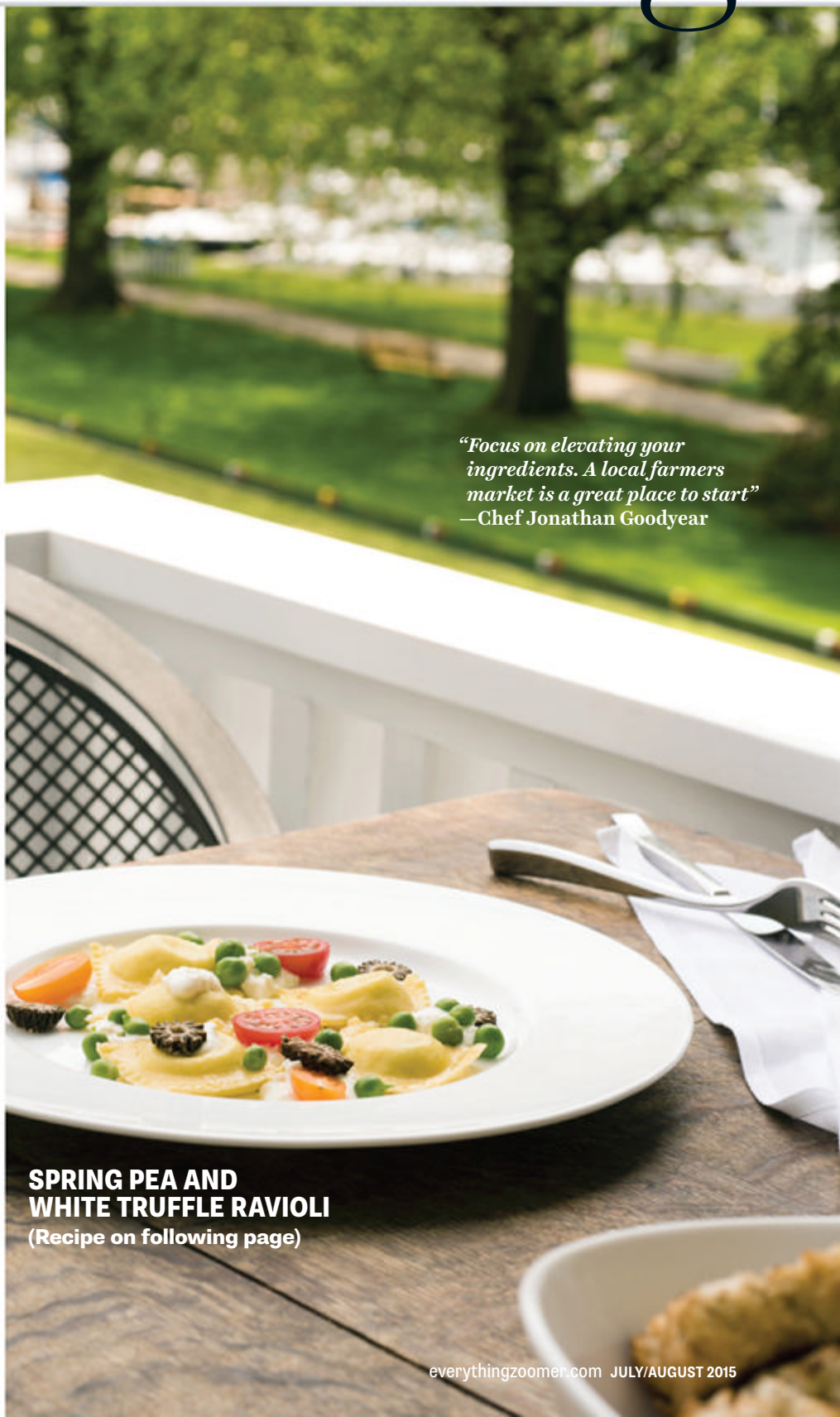
YOU CAN'T GET much deeper Canadian roots than those of chef Jonathan Goodyear. A Torontonion with a soupçon of East Coast, his family goes back eight generations here.

A *Top Chef Canada* finalist, Goodyear's culinary pedigree has roots: studied in Italy, counts chef Michael Stadtländer of Eigensinn Farm as his mentor; cooked at the Four Seasons Hotel Toronto. For the past six years, he's been forging his own mentorship as executive chef at the members-only Royal Canadian Yacht Club (RCYC). "When we create a dish, it's often done by a group of my chefs," says Goodyear. "While some say too many chefs spoil a broth, I share ownership – it helps create a shared pride and purpose." A purpose that puts grilled focaccia next to morels.

In his recipes here, Canadian-grown favourites – asparagus, spring peas and heirloom tomatoes – are all in season, rich in flavour and pair with the grill in a fresh way. Not a burger or a kebab in sight, yet there's still an element of fire to satiate the craving. "It's about purity of ingredients. Frankly, there's nothing purer than wild foraged food and fire!"

So, how to create a sophisticated outdoor dining experience? "Keep the technique simple," he says. "The last thing you want is stress. At the RCYC, we often start with what's in the garden we have on the island." (We chose the club's island outpost to set the scene for this al fresco photo shoot.)

Speaking of island ease, "Essentially, trusting in the truth of simplicity," says Goodyear. "Nothing flashy but always tasty." —Vivian Vassos ►



"Focus on elevating your ingredients. A local farmers market is a great place to start"
—Chef Jonathan Goodyear

SPRING PEA AND WHITE TRUFFLE RAVIOLI

(Recipe on following page)

SPRING PEA AND WHITE TRUFFLE RAVIOLI

- 500 mL ricotta cheese
- ½ cup finely sliced chives
- 1 tbsp white truffle oil
- 2 egg yolks
- Salt and pepper
- 2 lb fresh pasta dough
- 250 mL egg wash
- 100 mL olive oil
- 2 tbsp diced shallot
- 1 tbsp minced garlic
- 1 cup cleaned, chopped morel mushrooms
- 1 sprig thyme
- 100 mL white wine
- 1 cup heirloom cherry tomatoes
- 1 cup fresh peas, blanched
- 100 mL chicken stock
- Grilled focaccia
- Butter and grated Parmesan
- cheese (optional)

In a large bowl, combine ricotta, egg yolks, truffle oil and chives; season with salt and pepper to taste.



Chef Jonathan Goodyear
in the garden at the Royal
Canadian Yacht Club



With pasta machine or attachment for mixer, roll out fresh pasta into 12-inch sections. Keep sheets covered with a damp towel.

Brush one side of pasta with egg wash and pipe a row of ricotta filling onto pasta.

Place second sheet of pasta on top. Move fingers around each section of ricotta to remove any air. Once the air is removed, cut ravioli out with a paring knife. Refrigerate ravioli as you work on making more. Do not stack fresh pasta as it will stick together.

In large sauté pan, heat oil over medium heat. Add shallots and garlic; cook until slightly softened but not browned. Add morels and

thyme; season with salt and pepper.

When mushrooms are tender, deglaze pan with white wine. Add tomatoes, peas and stock; reduce heat to minimum.

In large pot of boiling salted water, cook ravioli until they float. Reserving about 1 cup of cooking liquid, add raviolis to simmering sauté pan. (If ravioli becomes too dry, slowly add reserved pasta water until the dish becomes creamy.)

Chef's tip: Finish with butter and Parmesan cheese.

Serve in a large bowl and break up grilled focaccia over the pasta for added flavour.

Serves 4

GRILLED ONTARIO ASPARAGUS WITH FRESH STRACCIATELLA CHEESE

- 2 bunches Ontario asparagus, trimmed
- 1 bunch white asparagus, trimmed
- Olive oil
- Salt and pepper
- 500 mL fresh stracciatella cheese
- 500 mL preserved summer tomatoes or sun-dried tomatoes in oil
- 1 bunch basil
- Fleur de sel

Preheat barbecue grill. Brush with well-oiled rag. On baking sheet, drizzle asparagus lightly with olive oil and season with salt and pepper. Transfer to grill, rotating every 2 to 3 minutes or until tender. (Using a vegetable basket may help as asparagus have a tendency of falling through the grill.)

Transfer grilled spears to platter. Garnish with stracciatella, tomatoes, basil and fleur de sel to taste.

Chef's tip: Spoon a bit of the olive oil from the tomatoes onto the cheese for extra flavour.

Serves 4 ►

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Source: CMHC Rental Market Report Fall 2014

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“My philosophy is to treat all ingredients with the same respect the farmers, foragers and purveyors who supply us do,” says Goodyear, of the locavorism in his fare



SUMMER CAULIFLOWER CROSTINI

- 1 cauliflower, broken into florets
- Olive oil
- Salt and pepper
- 1 focaccia
- 2 tbsp capers
- 2 tbsp sultana raisins
- 2 tbsp slivered almonds
- ¼ bunch flat-leaf parsley, chopped
- 1 tbsp finely chopped tarragon

Honey Vinaigrette

- 100 ml honey
- 100 ml champagne vinegar
- 100 ml grapeseed oil
- 1 tbsp grainy mustard

Honey Vinaigrette Blend all ingredients until emulsified. Set aside.

Lightly toss florets in oil, season with salt and pepper and roast in 425 F oven for 20 minutes or until golden brown. Slice focaccia into 1.5-inch slices; brush with olive oil and grill on preheated barbecue until crispy.

In large bowl, combine roasted cauliflower, capers, raisins, almonds, parsley and tarragon. Drizzle with some of the Honey Vinaigrette, tasting frequently as it packs a punch. (If mixture is too sweet, add some fresh lemon juice.) Spoon mixture over focaccia.

Serves 4

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Home

CABIN FEVER

Aboard a river cruise ship, David Lasker learns lessons on living big in small spaces

IMAGINE MY DISTRESS last summer when I discovered, while boarding my KLM flight to Amsterdam to transfer to the *Scenic Jade* for a Rhine cruise, that I had left my wallet at home. Then, picture my relief at finding that this was the one time it didn't matter because Scenic Tours puts the "all" in "all-inclusive," including butler service and no tipping, WiFi or port charges. My smartly decorated stateroom offered a second revelation, about stylish living in downsized quarters, summed up by the Latin phrase *multum in parvo*: "much in little" or "packing a great deal in a small space." Here, ideas I brought home.

■ **Same old line** Long horizontal lines take the eye away from the relatively low, six-foot nine-inch ceil-

ing height. The closet doors, for instance, slide on an articulated track so that, when closed, they present a continuous unbroken plane of flush panelling. The long, narrow grille for the air-conditioning and heating, directly above the doors – no regular klutzy-looking rectangular grilles here – further accentuates the horizontal. In this case, form follows function: avoiding drafts. "That long grille is important for distributing the air conditioning across the room and not directly over the bed," says Scenic Tours creative director Karen Maroney, who heads the firm's design team.

■ **The light fantastic** I take exception to the rule, in hotels and motels, that the light level on the mirror above the sink must be so low that I can barely see my whiskers when I'm shaving. The *Jade* finessed

the problem with an LED light strip running along and just inside the back of the mirror. The light reflects off the wall around the mirror, providing soft, even, glare-free perimetrical illumination. "Where the light is placed is very important," Maroney says. "Bathrooms often have a downlight that was put too far back. If you've got a light behind your head at any angle, you simply cannot illuminate your face." Ah yes, the familiar aggravating mirror silhouette.

In the main room, LED light strips set into the underside of the mirrored bookshelves, in the alcove above the writing desk, free up space otherwise wasted to accommodate traditional light fixtures hanging off the shelves. They also double as emergency lighting, obviating the need for ugly, conspicuous emergency lights.

Speaking of LED lighting, one reason to get out of bed in the morning was to enjoy the light show from the Hansa Colour Shower, with touch switches for colour group as well as pattern (fire, ice, sweep and wave). The compact vertical bar unit integrates controls for the light show and the four different sprayers including the main nozzle way up at ceiling height; there's no separate rain shower dangling from the ceiling for tall folk to bang their heads into.

On a final bathroom space-saving note, the tissue dispenser mounted in the cabinet door ensures that tissues are always handy while saving precious counter-top space or shelf real estate from being wasted on the unsightly box.

■ **Bed head** Phooey on the traditional headboard at the wall-end of the bed, which invariably projects a few inches out from the wall, stealing valuable floor space. Instead, in the *Jade* cabins, a full-height, upholstered soft wall sector behind the bed acts as the headboard. Serving double duty, it also works as an acoustic treatment to absorb sound, enhancing privacy onboard. And, they can be removed for regular updates. "Each one of those panels is on a click system," Maroney explains. "We can lift them out at any time for maintenance or cleaning."

■ **Adieu, mildew** Toronto architect Jonathan Kearns's memories of a cruise-ship detail inspired his design for the millwork in a client's bathroom. Towels are stored on a shelf running against the wall, just above door height in what is normally wasted space (if that is too high for you, look for other unused space). Long, lozenge-shaped slots were routed out of the wood plank used for the shelf to allow air to circulate under and around the stacked towels: a big mildew-fighting idea for the most humid room in the house. 2



On the river cruise ship, *Scenic Jade*: (from top to bottom) LED light strips illuminate shelves mounted flush to the closet; the bathroom with the Hansa Colour Shower (inset), complete with four LED light colourways and spray settings. Opposite: an upholstered headboard doubles as a sound buffer.



How Does Your Garden Grow?

The top-10 tips, tools and techniques to keep your plot picture-perfect this summer **By Marjorie Harris**

I'VE BEEN GARDENING FOR 40 years, accumulating good habits and great tips on how to garden successfully. The best habit, however, is to go out and sniff the air, listen for the insects and be at peace with yourself and nature. And, while you're doing this, here are 10 things to keep in mind.

1 Soil: it's not dirt, it's a living breathing material that we're utterly dependent on. Treat it

with respect. Never leave it exposed to the blazing sun, blanket it with compost and mulch; don't let direct hits from a watering hose pound it into sand. Add organic matter at least twice a year.

2 The magic bullet of gardening is compost – food for your soil. Compost all green scraps from your kitchen even if you just dump them into a hole and cover up with soil. Otherwise, buy it or

get it free from the city and spread it around in spring without worrying about covering bulbs and perennials. They will find their way through.

3 Once the soil has warmed up and you can see where everything is growing, add a well-composted bark mulch. Not dyed (truly a hideous practice); make it look as nature intended. Don't pile it up around tree trunks and keep a bit of space around other plants.

Mulch discourages weeds and keeps the soil cool. Put it around vulnerable plants in autumn.

4 My hortbuddy Juliet put me on to this one: plant summer bulbs such as gladiolas, acidanthera, freesias in containers topped with a light layer of animal hair (cat or dog is good). It keeps out squirrels, caterpillars and slugs but isn't foolproof with rabbits in her garden (none so far in mine). It works.

5 Keep Felco 2 secateurs close. They can handle most of the nipping needed on any given day. My rule is that if it needs something bigger, hire a professional. I watched my tree guy, Derek Welsh, take a bit off here and another off there as he walked and talked his way through the garden. It's second nature to me now; therefore, no plant gets overwhelming.


6 Have a pair of old leather gloves on hand. When evergreens look like they are browning off, gently run your gloved hands over the dead-looking bits. This will leave room for new growth without inflicting any damage. And don't be afraid to snip out the worst of the brown – you might revive the plant.

7 Snap to it: in the spring, grab the brown stems of low grasses, and simply give a little twist of the wrist to snap them off. But make sure you can see the teeny tips just pushing up from the ground. Otherwise, leave them alone until you can do this easily.

8 Control space: *espalier* fruit trees against a fence or wall; *pleach* trees, such as beeches (*Fagus* spp), to make a handsome tailored edge to your garden for privacy. (See our abbreviated glossary.)

9 The giant urban tree is every gardener's nightmare. Here's what I did with my front yard's silver maple: I had a raised bed built around it, and then backfilled with

good soil. I then quickly planted perennials and small shrubs in between the big roots, then topped it with masses of compost and mulch. It's watered slowly and deeply twice a week so that everything, especially the tree, gets a drink, and roots dive downward, not upward. The maple has survived a lot longer than anyone could imagine, and the plants thrive.

10 Epsom salts helps get rid of fungal diseases, and it's cheap. Add a cup of it to the soil when you are about to plant a tree. Ditto with shrubs and perennials from 15 ml down to 5 ml for your annuals. This contributes minerals that help absorb phosphorus and nitrogen. Save a big cup to add to a long, hot, soaky bath at the end of your gardening day. Bliss. 

Go to www.everythingzoomer.com/tools-of-the-garden-trade or www.marjorieharris.com.

Landscape Language

Espalier: prune so that limbs lie in a horizontal manner against the fence

Pleach: prune out the lower limbs and remove limbs growing outward toward the front





Summer Savvy

BARBECUE BUSINESS

Looking more like the kind of 'cue a suave spy might tote to Operation Picnic, this charcoal grill also suits day trippers or campers. And with a handy ash catcher, it's a great mess-free option for small spaces or simply when nothing but chargrilled will do. *Portable BBQ Suitcase*, US\$89, www.kikkerland.com



KEEP COOL AND CARRY ON

If the dog days of summer have you stuck inside, try Honeywell's Outdoor Evaporative Air Cooler. It uses cold water (either from its refillable reservoir or a hose attachment) and a strong fan to create a cooling light mist that helps keep an outdoor area up to 850 square feet feeling 10 to 15 degrees cooler. Plus, the force of the fan helps stymie flies. It's a wind-win. From \$450, www.sears.ca



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BUG OFF GreenStrike's Mosquito Preventer is the ultimate honey pot. Research out of Laurentian University was used to create a concoction to lure egg-laying female mosquitoes. Set it up in the yard to destroy deposited broods. A three-month trial run in Sudbury, Ont., averted an estimated three million-plus mosquitoes - your backyard should be a breeze! \$300, Home Hardware

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David Beaton

WHO Founder of Studio b, a home interior retailer that specializes in luxury furnishings from around the world

WHERE At his cottage on Badgerow Island on Lake Joseph in Muskoka

WHY "If you said Rome or Muskoka, I'd stay here."

By Derick Chetty

■ **Currently reading** *Good to Great* by Jim Collins

■ **Favourite scent** Tom Ford Neroli Portofino

■ **Best brand of outdoor furniture** Dedon, hands down!

■ **Decorating tip** Less is more. Buy brands. Quality over quantity.

■ **As the owner of four boats, do you have a favourite?** 1936 Hacker-Craft. Perfect for a Saturday evening cruise around the islands with a glass of wine and a cigar.

■ **Favourite summer activity** Paddle boarding around the island or entertaining in the boathouse

■ **Favourite meal to serve when entertaining in the summer** Cumbrae's rib-eye, organic greens, Caymus Cabernet

■ **Playlist when entertaining in the summer** Hotel Costes, Paris playlist, great background vibe.

■ **Best spot to eat out in Muskoka** Port Carling Golf & Country Club. Great atmosphere, relaxed fine dining.

■ **Summer cocktail** Grey Goose Vodka with soda and lime

■ **Best insect repellent** A Davidoff cigar ☞

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Muskoka signs on

IN MAY, CARP PRESIDENT MOSES ZNAIMER (right) helped launch the Muskoka Chapter in Bracebridge, Ont. Chapter chair Shelley Raymond welcomed the standing-room-only crowd to the event, which included an interview by Peter Jennings (far right), host of the local cable show *Be My Guest*.

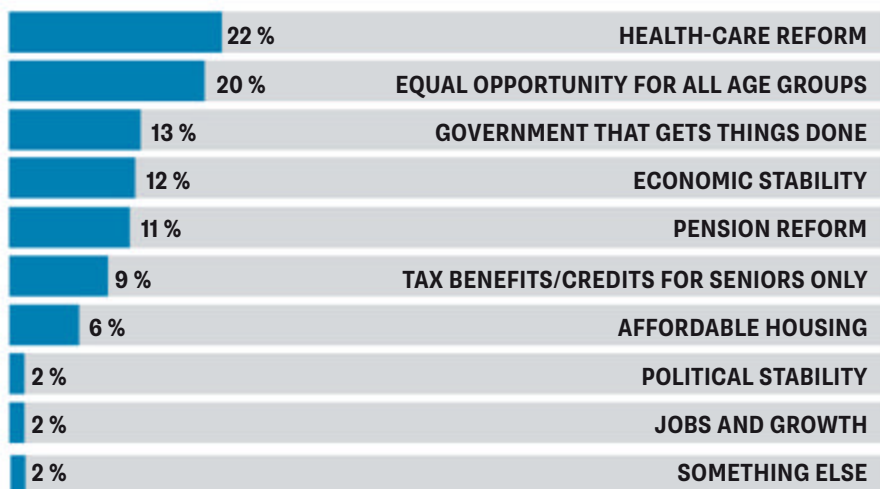


The Law Society medal winners. Front row, left to right: Craig R. Carter, treasurer Janet E. Minor, Faisal Joseph. Back row, left to right: H.J. Stewart Lavigueur, Susan Eng, John B. Laskin, E. Patrick Shea, Prof. Adam M. Dodek and Chantal Tie

THE LAW SOCIETY OF UPPER CANADA presented its annual awards in May. Susan Eng, CARP's vice-president of advocacy, received the Law Society Medal, presented to members of the legal profession whose careers represent the highest level of achievement and commitment to serving society and the profession.

CARP Poll

In April, we asked members: "If you were asked to describe what seniors want in a single phrase, which one would you use?"





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Chapter Event Calendar for July/August 2015

Visit our *Cross-Canada Chapter listings* to contact your local CARP Chapter for information on these and other upcoming events in your community or visit www.carp.ca



JULY



St. Thomas, Ont.

Join the CARP London-St. Thomas Chapter at **Seniors in the Park** 9:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. Pinafore Park, 95 Elm Street, St. Thomas.



Lanark County, Ont.

The CARP Lanark County Chapter is sponsoring the **Almonte Augusta Street Park Potluck Supper** with free entertainment. Starts at 6 p.m.



Belleville, Ont.

CARP Greater Bay of Quinte Area hosts a **Social Mixer for Members and New Friends**, noon to 2 p.m. at Chartwell Bayview Retirement Residence, 435 Dundas St. West, Belleville.



Halifax, N.S.

The CARP Nova Scotia Chapter is hosting a **Summer Social** at 6 p.m. Parkland at the Gardens, 5732 College St., Halifax. Enjoy dessert and entertainment by Chalmers Doane Trio.



Collingwood, Ont.

The Georgian Bay CARP Chapter invites you to join them at the annual **Collingwood Elvis Festival**. Visit the CARP and *Zoomer* tent on Hurontario St. to collect your souvenir. www.collingwoodelvisfestival.com

AUG



Vancouver, B.C.

CARP Pride Network to walk in **Vancouver Pride Parade**. Contact Vancouver CARP Chapter Chair, Robert Swansborough for more details at swansborough@novuscom.net or by phone at 604-899-8070.

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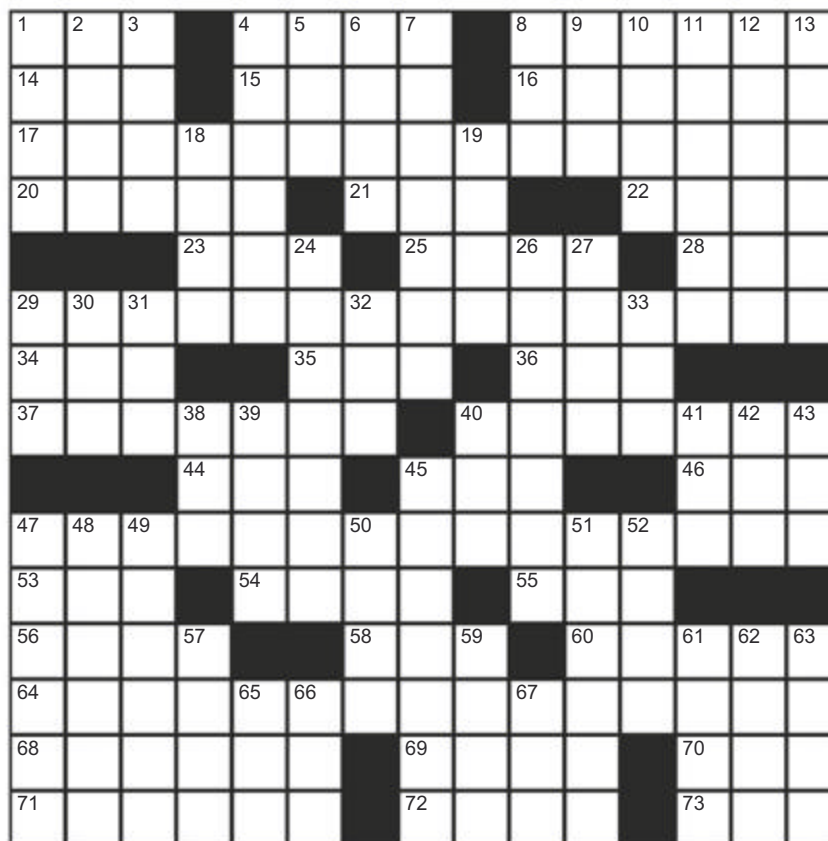
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- 3 Brian Mulroney's wife
4 Rife with
5 "Give ___ rest!"
6 Toronto baseballers, for short
7 "Fingers crossed!"
8 Canadian singer/song-writer ___ Naked
9 Global lending org.
10 Hair removing cream brand
11 Threw in the towel, so to speak
12 1-0 soccer score, in words
13 Kind of condo council
18 Staged performance?
19 Pull a ___ one (be tricky)
24 Body's "plumbing" organs
26 Nickname for Newfoundland
27 Digs at college
29 First 31-day mo. of the year
30 Beginning to form?
31 Alberta's ___ La Biche
32 Street in "la ville"
33 Bull-in-a-china shop type
38 Cry on seeing a mouse, stereotypically
39 Rare blood type, for short
40 "Give it ___" ("Try")
41 City, slangily
42 Jeans brand
43 When the bird gets the worm?: Abbr.
45 One privvy to private matters
47 Lifts one's spirits?
48 Detach, as a hockey helmet strap
49 Fix footwear, in a way
50 "Use ___ lose ..."
51 What you pay to play, at the fair
52 "Movin' ___" (theme to *The Jeffersons*)
57 Ladies' fitness org.
59 Osgoode Hall student's exam
61 Moist and musty
62 Eat ___ eaten
63 It's a guy thing
65 Clingy seedcase that inspired Velcro
66 Real-time cyberchats
67 Rap "Dr."

BRAIN GAMES #31:

The Four Seasons of Canada

ACROSS

- 1 That guy
4 Island neighbour of New Zealand
8 Triumphant card blotter's calls
14 Baie-Comeau buddy
15 Salt Lake City's state
16 "Let me rephrase that ..."
17 Sign of spring in Canada
20 "I'll ___ I can to help"
21 Mother's Day destination, perhaps
22 "... eight, lay them straight, nine, ___ big fat hen, ..."
23 Thumbs-up letters
25 Founded, as a town: abbr.
28 Out: Dutch
29 Sign of summer in Canada
34 "I'd like to buy ___" (*Wheel of Fortune* request)
35 Twosome
36 Big band or jazz, e.g.
37 "Smooth move!"
40 Cumbersome fire-wood loads, say
44 180° from WSW
45 "Can ___ now?" ("Are you done with me?")
46 Bus. salesperson
47 Sign of fall in Canada
53 Solitary figure
54 Cash register buttons, since 1991
55 ___-Tiki (famous raft)
56 Gathering, as of board members
58 Sunflower or sesame product
60 "Congratulations!"
64 Sign of winter in Canada
68 Nursery powder
69 Pull in, so to speak
70 Raptors grp.
71 Martini olive holders
72 Postie's paths: Abbr
73 It has the draft

DOWN

- 1 Helper's "lent" body part
2 "So I believe," in text-speak

Sudoku

9				1	6		4	
2	4				7			
	7	1		2				6
		2		9		4		3
			1		2			
3		9		4		2		
6				8		3	2	
			4				6	1
	8		2	6				5

is rapping in a gangsta movie, where his song 'Where My Dogs At' blasts out of a Hummer while the pimps cruise round a corner to pick up the hos," I counter. Yes, I've learned how to clear a room, fast.

Nevertheless, children (not to mention grandchildren) can be the great equalizer. Because they don't care what you own or what you've accomplished; they just want your love and attention. As late middle age leaves us increasingly befuddled, there's an undeniable upside for many of us. If more and more we walk into a room and forget what the purpose of going there was, we also may trip over our grandchild's teddy bear and feel an inexplicable rush of love.

"DON'T TELL ANYONE in the media you're a grandparent," the publicist from my record label warned in the days leading up to my spot on *The Strombo Show*. But if being a grandparent immediately plops you in the "unsexy" department, that's a welcome relief to me. Frankly, with so many growing stresses stacking up against one another, who has any energy left for sexual vanity? Nothing kills desire faster than a rising sense of mortality.

For me, being a grandparent carries the whiff of immortality. It comes in catching my grandson as he tumbles down a slide, listening to his sweet floating laughter as I take him in my arms.

"Come," he insists, back at home, grabbing my hand and hauling me, like some oversized stuffed animal, to my piano. His father, my own son, David, watches incredulously as Daniel pats the space beside him on the piano bench, signalling me to sit down. "Na na na," Daniel scolds as we sit side by side, his posture better than mine. As my fingers flow through a flourish of chords, he grabs my hands, pushes them off the keys, giving him more freedom to play. "Bam, bam, bam!" He smashes my Yamaha grand with an oversized toy dump truck. "No," I say, "Gentle. Fingers only," wrestling the truck from his surprisingly strong grip. He starts to squawk, and my son lambasts me for being too harsh. But then, pling pling, plonk plonk: he explores the upper and lower reaches of the 88 keys, his arms extended as far apart as they can go. Daniel rears back his swaying little head, closes his eyes, then starts weaving his miniature tank of a body back and forth, to and fro, like a pint-sized Ray Charles, his golden curls swinging metronomically, his singing airy and pure. I wonder where he learned that trick?

Maybe one day, long after I'm gone, my grandson will feel me inside his skin, as I feel my forebears in mine. Perhaps then he'll realize we never actually leave each other, only take on a new form.

And so I think of my father, 12 years gone, and feel that inexorable tug of loss. But as well, I feel elevated. He's still here. More a part of me than ever. **[Z]**

Blue Berry™ really helps my eyes

Kathy needed some help for her declining eyesight. "I am really impressed how well Blue Berry™ worked for me", she says.

"My name is Kathy and I am in my 60's now. Since I was 10 years old, I have had eye problems and I always feared my eye exams. I knew the results would be worse, year after year.

I heard about Blue Berry from a friend

My best friend told me he had been taking blueberry tablets to help maintain his eyes after he was diagnosed with AMD, and that he was really satisfied with the product. So I went to my nearby pharmacy and bought a package.

It really works for me!

After a few months of taking this supplement, I really noticed a great effect and I am sure Blue Berry was a big part of that. Now I am not so concerned about the future of my eyesight, and I will surely keep taking Blue Berry as part of my daily routine."

Kathy C., New-York

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New Nordic's Blue Berry supplement is based on high concentrations of carotenes and antioxidants, extracted from Swedish blueberries and marigold flowers (as lutein). Blue Berry nourishes the central macular of the eyes (vision center), protects the eyes from free radicals and helps maintain eyesight, even in conditions of AMD and cataracts.

I threw away my support stockings

model image

**Are you suffering from heavy, swollen and tired legs?
Read below about Tove's experience with Active Legs™
and how it relieved her problems.**

"I am 81 years old. I like to take walks to my nearby super-market or to the bridge club to see my friends. But in the last few years, my legs would get so swollen, even after only a short walk. In the evening they would feel heavy and tired. So recently, I have been forced to wear support stockings.

When I read about Active Legs in a magazine I bought a box right away, to try it. And I am happy I did. **Now walking is much easier and I get around quicker. My legs have really benefited. I have actually thrown away my support stockings, and now recommend Active Legs to all my friends with the same leg issues I had."**

- Tove, Denmark

CVI AND YOUR SUFFERING LEGS

Chronic venous insufficiency (or CVI) occurs when blood vessels in the legs fail to efficiently circulate blood and other fluids away from the legs. This can lead to conditions such as varicose veins, ankle swelling, leg pains, heavy legs and nighttime cramps. Recent studies show that high concentrations of so-called polyphenols found in grape seed and pine bark extracts can effectively relieve the symptoms of CVI.



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Jean Coutu

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Zoom Out

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD (PG. 102)

1	H	I	M		4	F	I	J	I		8	B	I	N	G	O	S				
14	A	M	I		15	U	T	A	H		16	I	M	E	A	N	T				
17	N	H	L	18	P	L	A	Y	O	19	F	F	F	E	V	E	R				
20	D	O	A	L	L		21	S	P	A		22	T	E	N	A					
			23	A	O	K		25	E	S	T	D		28	U	I	T				
29	J	U	L	Y	F	I	R	S	T	H	O	O	P	L	A						
34	A	N	A			35	D	U	O		36	E	R	A							
37	N	I	C	38	E	O	N	E		40	A	R	M	F	41	U	L	43	S		
			44	E	N	E		45	I	G	O			46	R	E	P				
47	T	U	R	K	E	Y		50	I	N	O	C	T	O	B	E	R				
53	O	N	E		54	G	S	T	S		55	K	O	N							
56	A	S	S	57	Y			58	O	I	L		60	K	U	61	D	62	O	63	S
64	S	N	O	W	65	B	I	R	D	S	D	E	P	A	R	T					
68	T	A	L	C	U	M			69	E	A	R	N			70	N	B	A		
71	S	P	E	A	R	S			72	R	T	E	S			73	K	E	G		

ANSWERS TO SUDOKU (PG. 102)

9	3	5	8	1	6	7	4	2
2	4	6	3	5	7	1	8	9
8	7	1	9	2	4	5	3	6
7	1	2	6	9	8	4	5	3
4	5	8	1	3	2	6	9	7
3	6	9	7	4	5	2	1	8
6	9	7	5	8	1	3	2	4
5	2	3	4	7	9	8	6	1
1	8	4	2	6	3	9	7	5

The Funnies

"Millions long for immortality who do
not know what to do with themselves on
a rainy Sunday afternoon" —Susan Ertz

"I don't want to achieve immortality
through my work. I want to achieve it through
not dying" —Woody Allen

"I intend to live forever. So far, so good"
—Stephen Wright

"A drama perfectly pitched
between *Mad Men* and
Call the Midwife."

— The Telegraph

"For those needing a fix of
sumptuous British period
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Prophet of Zoom™

by Wes Tyrell

HOW LONG DO YOU WANT TO LIVE?



MANY OF US
PLAN TO BE
KICKING AROUND
TO AT LEAST
120 OR SO!



IN FACT, THERE ARE
PLACES AROUND THE
WORLD WHERE THIS
IS NOT UNUSUAL. *



*BLUE ZONES SUCH AS OKINAWA AT SEA LEVEL,
& SARDINIA & NICOTIA, COSTA RICA AT HIGH ALTITUDES,
WHERE INHABITANTS LEAD "LOW-STRESS" LIVES.

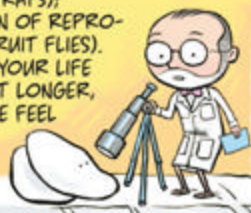
"COMBINED WITH DIETS LOW IN MEAT,
HIGH IN FISH, VEG AND LEGUMES.
BLUE ZONE SENIORS ALSO WORK WITH
THEIR BODIES ALL DAY -
A RECIPE FOR LONGEVITY!"



AND BETWEEN FRIENDS,
MAY I SUGGEST ADDING
A FULL-BODIED MERLOT.



NOW DON'T FORGET THE TWO
SUREFIRE WAYS, KNOWN TO SCIENCE
TODAY, TO CONSIDERABLY EXTEND LIFE:
SEVERE CALORIE RESTRICTION
(PROVEN IN RATS);
RESTRICTION OF REPRO-
DUCTION (FRUIT FLIES).
SO, EVEN IF YOUR LIFE
DOESN'T GET LONGER,
IT WILL SURE FEEL
LONGER!



"ALSO, WE WENT TO THE SOURCE AND ASKED THESE ACTUAL CENTENARIANS THEIR SECRETS TO LIVING A LONG LIFE!"



NO
SMOKING!

FRANKLIN - 102



A DAILY
SHOT OF
SCOTCH!

SHIRLEY - 100



A GOOD
CIGAR...DON'T
TELL MY WIFE.

REGINALD - 105



NO
MEN!

MILLIE - 107



QUALITY
SEX!

EPNA - 112

WOW! WHAT VARIETY! SO A LOT OF
THINGS TO PONDER, BUT LET'S NOT
FORGET AN IMPORTANT ONE- DON'T
FEEL GUILTY! IF YOU'VE MADE IT THAT FAR,
YOU DESERVE TO FEEL GREAT!



HOW LONG CAN ONE LIVE?
WITH A LITTLE LUCK, A WELL-MAINTAINED
BODY AND A GOOD ATTITUDE,
ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE.



AND
AS IT
STANDS
RIGHT
NOW-

THE SKY IS
THE LIMIT!



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